The Land of the Golden Man

Anita B. Ferris

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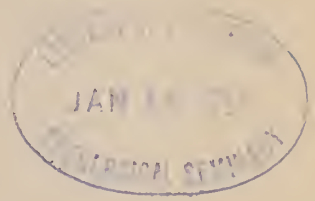
THE GATES OF EL DORADO

A picture of a fountain at the Pan-American Exposition. It represents the gateway to America in the time of Columbus. Branches of trees, as though from out an enchanted garden, grow across the doorway. The kneeling figures typify the many conquered tribes. The inside figures represent two royal Indians, determined to keep the doors closed against the world.

THE LAND OF THE GOLDEN MAN



BY
ANITA B. FERRIS

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TO

H. A. GUERBER

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PREFACE

This is a book of true stories about the people of South America and how we are sharing with them some things which we have and they have not.

If you like stories about North American Indians, you will enjoy even more stories of the Indians of South America. There are no tales of a golden kingdom in North America like those of the kingdom of the Golden Man and of the wonderful Inca empire of Peru in South America; and we have no Indian hero as great as Tupac Amaru.

General San Martin was a splendid hero of the white race in South America, and Captain Allen F. Gardiner I am sure you will think one of the noblest missionary heroes about whom you have ever heard.

After you have read these stories you will know something of the interesting history of the big America south of us, and something about the boys and girls who live there; how much they help us, and how much we may help them.

ANITA B. FERRIS.

UPPER MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY,
June 20, 1916.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.—A has the sound of ä in father; e, of ā in fate; i, of ē in equip or of ee in feel; o, of ō in hold; u of oo in tool; au of ow in owl; ai and ay like i in side; ua like wa in was. H is always silent, and z has the sound of s.

The Land of the Golden Man

CHAPTER I

THE GOLDEN MAN

HERE is a picture of some magic doors, which appear to be made of beaten gold. If you look closely, I am sure you will decide that this is an enchanted garden, for branches of trees have grown right across the entrance, quite concealing the top of the portals with their thick foliage, as if the doors had never been opened, and the garden were some precious secret hidden from every one.

On the inside against the portals of the entrance stand two royal Indian figures, a man and a woman, adorned with necklaces, armlets, and cunningly wrought girdles. An arm of each is extended over the form of a kneeling Indian vassal, who, with bowed head and attitude of complete subjection, typifies the many conquered tribes. The other arm of each royal Indian is stretched across the golden doorway, the fingers lightly pressed against the panels as if that touch alone would keep them closed forever.

In this beautiful way is symbolized the gateway to the wonderful new world of the Americas in the time of Columbus' discoveries, the existence of which had been a secret for so many hundreds of years.

Columbus believed, as you all know, that by sailing due west he would reach the rich lands of India. He was willing to risk his life over and over again to prove that the world was round, but he knew that the best way to please the idle, reckless Spanish nobles of the court, and the Spanish sovereigns who had furnished him with ships and men, would be to bring back riches, especially gold, from the ancient Indians. In many places in the West Indies and South America the Indians had found gold glistening in the sand in the beds of the creeks, and they often found nuggets of gold in the mountain-sides. When Columbus asked these wandering Indians for gold, they gave it to him. When he returned to Spain with the gold, all the poor, but proud and daring nobles and adventurers of Spain rushed to the New World to search for this precious metal. The king was just as eager for gold for his royal treasury, so he helped to purchase ships and supplies for the adventurers on condition that a fifth of all the gold, silver, and precious stones found at the end of the journey should come to him.

Spain was not the only old-world country which was hungry for gold. Portugal and France, and even England and Holland would have been glad to have their share, but Spanish ships and men had discovered the rich southern islands and southern countries of the New World, and so the other nations had to yield first place to Spain.

Thus the daring Spanish adventurers, called the conquistadors (kon-quis-tā-dors′), or conquerors, came boldly to the West Indies, Panama, and Central America, to Mexico and the northern coast of South America, demanding *gold,* gold from all whom they met. Finally, on the coast of what is now Venezuela and Colombia, the Spaniards were told by the poor Indians who had been forced to give them what little gold they had, and wished to get rid of these unpleasant strangers, of a kingdom somewhere south and west of their coast, which was so rich in gold that their chief went about with his body covered with the shining metal. The Spaniards talked of this chief as "El hombre dorado" (El ōmbr dō-rā′-dō), which is Spanish for "the gilded man." They talked and dreamed of this magic kingdom and then, since they did not know the name of this country, they called it, "El Dorado," "The Gilded" or, as it meant to them, "The Golden."

Years before Columbus discovered America, a

tribe of Indians lived on the high table-land, 8,600 feet above sea-level, just north of the present capital of Colombia, in South America. They were very rich in gold and emeralds, and were called the tribe of Guatavitá (Gwä-tä-vē-tä′), from the name of a beautiful mountain lake near their village. There was a story among them that many years before, the wife of one of their chiefs had thrown herself into this lake to escape punishment, and had become the spirit or goddess of the lake. They believed she had the power to make their tribe prosperous and victorious, so whenever a new chief was chosen, the tribe made a grand procession up to lake Guatavitá to give the goddess presents and do her honor. First in the procession came wailing men, their bodies painted with ocher, the sign of mourning in their tribe, in order to show respect for the dead chief; then groups of men gaily decked with ornaments of gold and emeralds, and feathers in their hair; then braves in jaguar skins, blowing upon horns and conch shells; next the priests in long black robes and tall caps. Finally came the nobles and chief priests bearing among them the new chief who rode in a barrow covered with disks of gold. The chief himself wore no clothes, but his whole body was coated with sweet-smelling gums, and then powdered with gold-dust, so that he shone and glistened in the sun from head to foot as

if he had been made of gold. When the procession reached the lake, the chief, with some of the highest nobles, stepped upon a canoe, and was rowed out to the middle of the water, where he plunged in and washed off his golden covering as an offering to the goddess, while the nobles about him shouted, the musical instruments played, and all the people threw into the clear water of the lake their offerings of gold and emeralds. Then they returned home and spent the rest of the day in dancing and feasting.

The Guatavitá Indians continued to celebrate the choosing of a new chief in this way until about 1490, when a strong tribe in the highlands, the Muysca (Mwē'-skä) of Bogotá, conquered them, and put an end forever to the gold-covered chieftains. News traveled slowly among the Indians of Colombia, since they had no railroads nor telegraphs, no steamboats, nor even good roads, so it is not surprising that when thirty years later the Spaniards reached the coast of South America and founded their little city of Cumená (Koo-mā-nä') the Indians should have told them this tale of the "golden man," believing that he still existed.

Only a few years after the first settlement of the Spaniards on the coast of Venezuela, and at Coro and Santa Marta in Colombia, the bands of the conquistadors set out to find the

fabulous land of Gold, about which stories had grown until the Spaniards believed they would find not only a man covered with gold, but a palace of gold, and a temple of gold with pillars of shining gems.

You see in the picture the doors are beginning to swing in as the Spaniards approach the hidden kingdom of El Dorado. The Indian king does not seem to notice as he stands with his head bowed, lost in his own thoughts, but the Indian queen has turned her head as if she had caught the sound of the heavy tread of the bold conquerors.

Three of the famous captains who searched for the Golden Man met unexpectedly on the home plateau of the gilded chieftain near the site of the present city of Bogotá. One was a German from Venezuela, the second a Spaniard named Quesada (Kā-sä′-dä), from Santa Marta, the Spanish headquarters in Colombia, and the third also a Spaniard, from Quito in Ecuador. No one of the captains knew that the others were seeking the Golden Kingdom.

The Spaniard, Quesada, arrived first, and succeeded in capturing a city near by so rich in gold that when the treasure was piled in a heap, it was high enough for a man on horseback to hide behind it. He also seized nearly two thousand emeralds. However, he did not see the chieftain

who actually wore the golden covering, and the angry and frightened Indians had hidden the rich treasure of the kingdom securely from him, so he did not know that he had really reached the home of El Dorado.

While Quesada was founding the present city of Bogotá (1538), in order to make it his headquarters during his further search for gold, the German captain arrived. He had been seeking the Golden Man for three years, during which time his men had worn out all their clothes and were now dressed only in the skins of animals. Then, to the surprise of both captains, the third company of white men arrived from the south.

Quesada, as the first comer, claimed the plateau with all its great wealth, and paid the other captains to send their men home. The three captains then proceeded together to the court of Spain that they might lay their rival claims to the kingdom of Bogotá before their sovereign. At the court, however, little but disgrace and neglect awaited them, so no one of them continued the quest of the Golden Man.

As none of the three men who had reached the home of the Golden Man had *seen* him, they did not believe they had actually found his country, in spite of all the gold they were able to bring home. Others continued to search, led on by stories of the Golden Kingdom now in eastern

and southern Colombia, now in eastern Ecuador, then in the northern part of Brazil, and even up in British Guiana. One party which had started out in quest of the Golden Man sailed the whole length of the Amazon, a distance of 3,000 miles, and gave to the world the first accurate idea of this mighty river.

Of course, no one ever found the Golden Man, and finally the Spaniards learned that years before they came to South America the gold-covered chieftains had ceased to exist.

CHAPTER II

THE SEARCH FOR GOLDEN MEN

The stories of El Dorado and his golden kingdom led men to commit many crimes against the Indians and among themselves. But if the Indians suffered, the Golden Man brought his own punishment to the conquistadors too. Only a few from the many bands of adventurers lived to return to their colonies, sometimes only one man in five, and even they were frequently worn out by wounds, fevers, and starvation. The gold they won brought them little satisfaction, for they never considered it enough in quantity, and like all who get without paying or sharing, they did not value their gains as they should, but easily lost their gold, or gambled it away so that in the end, after all their toils, sufferings, wounds, and the many crimes they had committed against those weaker than themselves, most of them were no richer than they had been in the beginning.

If the Spanish conquerors were cruel, we must remember that other nations were cruel too, in this age. In England and France in the sixteenth century people were beheaded and burned alive

for slight reasons, or simply for differing from others in religious opinions.

However wrong we may judge the conquistadors to have been in their treatment of the Indians, we must admire two things about them, their bravery and their determination. Just a small handful of men were not afraid to explore a great unknown wilderness like South America, where no white men had ever been before. No mountain was too high for them to cross, and no river too wild or swift for them to launch their frail boats on. Neither heat nor cold, wild beasts nor poisonous serpents, hunger nor thirst nor wounds could turn them from their purpose.

The conquistadors had marched up and down through Venezuela and Colombia seeking a golden man for the sake of the gold they might take from him. Two centuries later men as brave as the conquistadors, suffering as great hardships, came because they believed all men, even the poorest, most savage Indian, worth more than all the gold in the world. The conquistadors, came to take something precious *from* the Golden Man; these other men came to bring something precious *to* the Golden Men. The new seekers were missionaries, some of them Roman Catholic priests who really pitied the poor Indians, and regretted the cruel treatment their countrymen had given them. Others

were devoted Moravians, who came to what is now British and Dutch Guiana, and strove to gather the Indians together in villages, teach them from the Bible and show them how they could live more comfortably and healthfully in villages surrounded by cultivated fields than in wandering about from one place to another in the forests or along the streams.

The Moravians founded a Christian village, and here a good man named Theophilus Schumann came to teach the Indians. He was a wonderful student of languages, and learned so quickly to speak the tongue of the Arawaks that in six months he could preach to them in their own language. He translated some of the Scriptures and many hymns for them, and then, for the help of other missionaries, he wrote a dictionary and grammar of Arawak. Indians flocked to his village from far and near, and he taught them how to plant crops and to cultivate the soil. In less than four years he baptized 266 Indians, and before he died the number had reached 400. Is it any wonder, then, that this good friend of the Indians became known as "the Apostle to the Arawaks" just as Paul was known as the Apostle to the Gentiles?

Another Moravian missionary, was Louis Christopher Dähne, (Dā'-nā). His Indian friends built him a little hut on the river

which separates British Guiana from Dutch Guiana, there he lived all alone far from any other white man, and taught the Indians. He was often sick with fever, and once his life was saved only by a timely visit from Schumann, who remained as his nurse.

One night, when Dähne lay in his hammock, a great snake called an anaconda slipped down from the roof and in the darkness coiled itself three times around his neck. As it drew its folds tighter and tighter the good missionary thought he had but a few moments more to live. Even then his first concern was for the Indians who he knew would be accused of his death. So he wrote with a piece of chalk on a table by his side: "A snake has killed me." Then he remembered the promise of God's care, and with new courage he tore the snake from his neck and hurled it from him.

Once, fifty savage Carib Indians came with hatchets and swords to kill him. Dähne simply walked out to meet them as if he thought them the most pleasant visitors in the world.

"Peace to you, friends," he said, and proceeded to tell them about the true God.

The Indians looked at him in astonishment, and while they were listening to the strange story he told, forgot to rush upon him. After he had finished, they were ashamed to do so.

THE STRAIT OF MAGELLAN

THE INDIANS WEAVE THE BLANKETS IN THEIR HOMES

"Why does this man treat us so kindly?" puzzled one.

"We cannot make an enemy out of him and kill him," said another.

"My anger is gone," declared the leader. "Let us make him a present."

"It is well," they all answered. So they gave Dähne plantains and game which they had brought for their own use.

"Come again, good friends," said the missionary earnestly as they were leaving, "and I will tell you more of this loving God."

"We will," promised the men who had come to murder him.

But what about the search for Golden Men in the big countries of Venezuela and Colombia, the true home of the gilded chieftain? There are people to-day who still seek and are finding, not only golden men, but golden boys and girls as well.

Although Venezuela and Colombia are very rich in soil, in mines, and in vast grazing lands which could support thousands of cattle; although Colombia has the only mines in the world which produce the true emerald, platinum deposits next to Russia's in wealth, and gold-mines which still yield plentifully, the people of these countries are very poor. In another chapter you will learn just why, but the main reasons are that

most of the people cannot read or write, and do not have very good principles of government because they have never had the Bible to study. The Church to which most of the people of Colombia and Venezuela belong is the Roman Catholic Church, and that Church in South America does not give the Bible to the people to read. Therefore, in their quest for golden men the conquistadors of to-day, our brave missionaries, are trying to bring these two gifts—schools and the Bible—to all the people.

But supposing you were standing this minute in the city of Bogotá, on the home plateau of the Golden Man. You would not find Indian boys and girls there any more, but white children descended from the early conquistadors and from Spanish people who came later. You would see the boys there playing some of the games you already know—marbles, prisoners' base, and spin the top. They could probably beat you at this latter game, for they are very skilful in tossing their tops high in the air and then catching them on the string as they come down. You would miss baseball, however, and the boys are only just beginning to play soccer. You would find no girls playing on the streets, for it is not the custom in South America for little girls to play anywhere but at home, where, however, you would find that they can enjoy dolls, hide and

seek, and dressing up for plays as much as any girl in our land. A girl's childhood is unfortunately very short in this country, for at twelve she is nearly a woman.

Probably if you met the boys and girls of the mission school at Bogotá you would see that they do not dress very differently from the boys and girls in our own land in summer, except that most of them very comfortably go barefooted, or wear sandals made of cactus fiber, and the girls wear black shawls over their heads instead of hats.

If we stepped into the schoolroom with the boys or with the girls, for they have separate rooms, we would find a school rather different from our own. We would see a long room with whitewashed walls, on which a blackboard is painted part of the way around. Another strange thing, there would be no windows at all, but the light and air would come through numerous doorways, always open, which lead to a corridor and court outside. The floor is of plain rough boards, but the desks are the queerest of all, for they are brought by the pupils themselves, are of all sizes and colors and not fastened to the floor. Desk and seat are made in one piece with the tops opening up. When closed, the desks are always fastened with a padlock. The teacher sits on a rude chair with a cowhide seat before a plain pine-wood table for a desk.

In such a schoolroom the boys and girls study about the same lessons that we do, except that, in addition to learning to read and write their own language, those who attend the mission school have to study English and the Bible as well. The Bible is a new book to these boys and girls, for none of them have ever seen it in their homes unless a missionary has sold a copy to their father or mother. They have heard in their church of the Virgin Mary, of some of the saints, and they know about the birth of Jesus and of his crucifixion, but many of the other stories which are so familiar to you they have never heard, and you can imagine how interesting the stories of Abraham, of Jacob and of Joseph, of the kings, and of Jesus' boyhood and life are to them.

But most of their girls and boys do not have a school to go to, nor was there any Sunday-school for them until the missionaries found these girls and boys in their search for Golden Men.

Perhaps you would like to know what the Fourth of July and Christmas are like in this Land of the Golden Man. The boys and girls of Bogotá celebrate their Fourth on the twentieth of July, for that is *their* Independence Day, when their republic, which was once a colony of Spain, as we were of Great Britain, won her independence from the motherland. There are grand

celebrations and fireworks then during a whole week.

And now it is Christmas Eve. Juan (Hwän) and Juanita (Hwä-nē′-tä) are as excited as you are when you celebrate Christmas. They have never heard of Santa Claus,—he belongs to lands where there is snow in winter,—and there is no Christmas tree to bear gifts for them on Christmas morning. Nevertheless they are very happy, for they are going to the mission chapel this evening where there will be a great crowd of their relatives and friends to hear their Christmas program.

Juan wears a bright lavender shirt,—and wonderful—a pair of shoes, instead of going barefooted!

Juanita, his sister, is dressed in a white blouse and pink skirt, though she looks demure enough, with her little black shawl over her head.

"Do hurry, mother," urges Juanita, fairly dancing up and down with impatience.

"Just a minute, daughter," replies mother, as she arranges her shawl.

Juan stands in a corner mumbling something over to himself and hardly notices anything.

"Oh, Juan, you've said your old piece about a thousand times," exclaims Juanita, "do come on and let mother follow."

"All right, Señorita (Sā-nyō-rē′-tä) Juanita,"

replies Juan, "but I'm not going to forget my piece the way *you* will forget your song. See if she doesn't forget it, mother. And then Cousin Eugenie and Uncle Fernando and Aunt Carita and all the rest of us will be too ashamed of you to raise our heads."

"I will not forget it," exclaims Juanita indignantly. "Mother, make him stop teasing."

"Hush, children," answers their mother. "Here we are at the chapel. Now do behave properly."

Juan and Juanita have nothing more to say. They are too busy staring about the room at the changes that have taken place since last Sunday. Some of the older pupils and the missionary teachers have filled every corner of the room with palms, ferns, and flowers. It looks like a Children's day in our home. The whole platform is banked with flowers, but there is not a Christmas tree in sight.

Juan, grasping his crumpled recitation tightly in his hand, goes to his class.

"Good-by, mother, wish me good luck," whispers Juanita, as she joins the other girls.

Then the school rises and sings, "It came upon the midnight clear," and the superintendent makes an address of welcome in beautiful Spanish.

Cousin Eugenie recites without a single mistake the whole of the story of the shepherds, from Luke.

Each boy has tried to see how long a recitation he could master, and now each one gets through without being prompted once.

Finally, Juan's name is called, and in his eagerness, he can hardly speak fast enough. He recites his fifty-five lines, the longest recitation of all, without a single mistake, and when he is seated, his mother fairly beams with pride, and Uncle Fernando, Aunt Carita, Cousin Eugenie, and even Juanita look about the room with satisfaction.

"Now it is our turn," whispers little Marguerita to Juanita. "We have to stand on the platform right in front of that palm."

And then, wishing the family to be as proud of her as of Juan, Juanita does her best, and sings clearly and sweetly with Marguerita—"Hark, the herald angels sing."

After that there is another carol by the school, and then happy greetings of "Merry Christmas" as they leave the little chapel.

CHAPTER III

TUPAC AMARU[1]

SEVERAL hundred years before the Spaniards visited South America, a great Indian empire had been founded in the western part of the continent. It extended from the northern part of what is now Ecuador, south to about the middle of Chile, a distance of over 2,000 miles, and included part of Argentina. That was a great stretch of country to be under one Indian chief or emperor, but the Incas, as the ruling people in this great territory were called, were a very wonderful tribe, more wonderful in most ways than any other Indians who ever lived. Of course they ruled over many other tribes in their great empire of about 20,000,000 souls, all of whom they taught to speak their language.

The capital of the vast Inca empire was at Cuzco, which you will find on the map in southern Peru. It is situated on a beautiful table-land, surrounded by lofty snow-crowned mountains. Here was the central palace of the emperors, and

[1] Too'-päk Ä-mä'-roo.

a wonderful temple to the Sun worshiped by the Incas as the source of light and life. The temple was built of immense blocks of stone brought from a great distance, a wonderful work to accomplish, since the Indians of the Inca empire had no horses and no machinery for lifting heavy weights. The stones were simply dragged to their place and set up by the strength of many men working together, thousands being engaged at one time in erecting one of these great buildings. Around the outside of the temple, and embedded in the stone, was a band of pure gold. Inside, the main room, which was dedicated to the Sun, was literally plated all around with gold, the metal sacred to this god, till no walls could be seen. On the west side, opposite the entrance, where the first rays of the rising sun would touch it, and be reflected, was a great face made of pure gold, with rays of gold extending from it on all sides, richly set with sparkling gems.

An adjoining temple was dedicated to the Moon. It was decorated in a manner similar to the temple of the Sun, only here everything was of pure silver, representing the pale light of the goddess of night. There was also a chamber sacred to the stars "who formed the bright court of the Sister of the Sun," a chapel to Thunder and Lightning, and one to the Rainbow, the

bright-colored arch of which was painted upon the walls.

The Inca emperor lived in a palace as rich in its way as the temple of the Sun. All the vessels and dishes he used were of gold or silver, and he had a beautiful artificial garden made of plants and grain imitated in gold and silver, amid which a sparkling fountain jetted forth from a pipe of gold.

But more wonderful than their palaces and temples of gold and silver is the story of the way in which the Inca emperors governed their empire. Each man not only raised enough food for his own family, but he was also compelled to do his share in helping the sick and the needy about him. He worked a certain length of time in raising crops for the royal Inca, and then in storing away a surplus in case of famine or of war, to feed the soldiers. In the same way the women wove garments of wool and cotton sufficient for their own family and then helped clothe those who were no longer able to clothe themselves. The finest of the garments were sent to the Inca for his use, while others were stored up for time of need, or for the use of the soldiers.

The population was so large that every foot of ground was needed for cultivation. Where the mountain sides were too steep for ordinary fields, they built little walls of stone,

called terraces, and then filled in behind them with earth carried up in baskets, and cultivated even these small patches of soil. There was little rainfall in some of their coast-lands, so to these dry places they brought water, sometimes from a great distance, guiding it through tiny channels which they built of stone, along the sides of mountains, and finally down through ditches to the thirsty soil which was so rich that it then yielded abundantly. Many of the old systems of irrigation built by the Inca in Peru four hundred years ago, are still in use, and are considered wonderful feats of engineering by even our modern engineers.

The products of one part of the country were exchanged for those of another, and as, in addition, all the people had enough to eat and to wear in their own homes, money was not needed, and there was none in the whole great empire. No one had stores of gold and silver, for both these metals were sacred to the adornment of the temples and for the use of the emperor and the Inca nobles.

The Inca made good laws for the people, which were, for the most part, very carefully enforced.

It would seem that the Indians of the great Inca empire must have been a very happy people before the Spaniards came. However, there are

several reasons which would make you prefer to live in our own land in our own day. First of all, the people of the Inca empire did not know the true God nor Jesus, and the religion which the ordinary people understood did not help them any in their daily living. No matter how good or how wise a man was he could never rise to be governor of a province, general of the army, chief priest, or emperor. All these posts of trust and honor were reserved for the royal family of the Inca alone. We are taught to know and choose to do the right even when no older person tells us what to do, and there is no one near to see at all, but the Indians of this great empire were not given the privilege of choosing to do the right or kind thing. They were taught to obey some one else, and later, when their leaders were all gone, they did not know how to decide upon the right thing to do for themselves.

Then the Spaniards came, and under the leadership of Francisco Pizarro the vast empire of the Incas was conquered. The Indians did not know what to do, because they had never been taught to think for themselves. Since there were millions of Indians to a few hundreds of Spaniards, the Indians could easily have driven them out, but instead, in many cases they became the actual slaves of the conquistadors. The conquerors and their descendants, true to their

principle of getting and not sharing, never thought of working themselves, or of paying lawfully for the services of the Indians.

The condition of the Inca's people became worse and worse as the years passed. They were so cruelly treated and overworked in the silver mines, on the plantations, and in the cloth factories that they died by thousands. At the end of two hundred years, nine tenths of them had perished. Some of the best Spaniards and a few of the representatives of the Roman Catholic Church had felt very sorry for the Indians, and loudly condemned the greedy rich men who had so heartlessly beaten, starved, and overworked them. Laws were made to protect the Indians, but there was no one who would be just enough or brave enough to enforce them when by doing so he would make enemies of rich and powerful men.

Finally, an Inca noble, who took the name of Tupac Amaru, a descendant of the last emperors, began in 1780 to think very seriously how he could help his people. He himself was comfortable enough. He had received the best education possible in Peru. He had a happy home with his wife and sons. He was rich, and had just received from the court of Spain the title of Marquis. Many of the powerful Spaniards and many of the most learned of the Roman Catholic

priests were his friends. Still, he could not be happy, when the fellow Indians about him were suffering in such a cruel way. Again and again he pleaded their cause before all the officials and people who had the power to help them in any way. It was no use. No one would try to stop their sufferings. At last he decided that he must do something to *make* the government listen to him. He therefore began by capturing a Spanish official who had been more cruel than any one else to the Indians. He tried this man by the forms of law, an Indian jury condemned him, and Tupac Amaru had him executed. Tupac then proclaimed to all the Indians that he was striving to save them from their terrible forced service to the Spaniards, and that he would not stop until the laws were kept and justice meted out.

Thousands of Indians flocked to his standard. Tupac Amaru fought again and again against Spanish armies sent out to subdue him, but he always treated the wounded and prisoners kindly, and made war only on fighting men. Several times he stopped, and sent letters to the Spanish government in Peru, explaining that he asked only to have their own laws enforced, so that the Indians would receive common justice.

"I do not wish to be emperor," he wrote to the Spanish officials, although he had a right to be considered the Indians' sovereign. "I am

willing to remain a loyal subject of Spain. I ask only for justice and mercy for my people, and will lay down my arms immediately if you will only treat me fairly."

The wicked representative of the Spanish king in Peru determined that this letter from Tupac Amaru should never reach the government at Lima, because it was so fine and just that it might convince the officials that the Indian leader was right. Instead of forwarding the letter, he kept it himself and sent a very brutal reply to the Inca prince.

Tupac Amaru was finally defeated, and he and several of his relatives, besides his wife and two of his three sons, were betrayed into the power of the cruel representative of the Spanish king. All of the prisoners, except the ten-year old son of Tupac Amaru, were executed, Tupac Amaru himself being killed in the most cruel manner.

But do not think the noble Tupac Amaru was really defeated. He did not die in vain, for but a short time after his death the forced service of the Indians to the Spaniards was forbidden. People shuddered at the cruelty with which the Inca prince had been put to death, and they began then to think of separating themselves from a government whose representatives could be so unjust. Less than fifty years later Peru became a republic.

A QUICHUA INDIAN FAMILY

Their straight-brimmed hats and bright-colored clothing have been woven in their home

Tupac Amaru will always remain one of the noblest Indians who ever lived, for while he might have led a happy, easy life, he gave it all up to help his people, just as Moses might have remained rich and honored in the court of Pharaoh if he had not cared how his people suffered.

CHAPTER IV

THE INDIANS OF WESTERN SOUTH AMERICA

Large numbers of the Indians of the home plateau of the Golden Man died, and many of them were killed, so that to-day few remain, and these are poor farmers or herders of a few sheep. In other parts of Colombia there are more Indians, but still not nearly so many as in Ecuador, Peru, or Bolivia.

Still, in spite of these unhappy conditions, there are to-day in Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia far more Indians and people who are half Indian and half white than there are people of pure Spanish descent. White settlers came very slowly to South America, instead of rapidly and in large numbers, as they did to the United States. For that reason some writers think that Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia, together with Paraguay in South America, ought to be classed as Indian countries. In the city of La Paz, Bolivia, there are at present more full-blooded Indians than in the whole of the United States.

When the Spaniards had conquered all the old

Inca empire, they tried to conquer the rest of Chile, but in the central part of the country lived the sturdy and independent Araucanian Indians, whom the Incas had not been able to subdue. The conquistadors, even with their guns, horses, and superior knowledge of warfare, could not overcome them. In the first part of their war with the conquistadors, the Indians had as a general-in-chief a young man named Lautaro (Low-tä′-rō), who had been forced to act as a servant for Valdivia (Väl-dē-vē′-ä), the governor of Chile. He escaped from his master and proved to have learned so much from the warfare of the Spaniards, and to be able to invent such successful ways of meeting the enemy, that he was soon chosen as their leader. He knew how to conceal his forces and attack the Spanish soldiers first on one side and then on another; how to destroy their scouts and advance guards, and how to cut off their retreat. We must remember, the Indians had no horses, but Lautaro soon invented a way of overcoming this disadvantage for he made his men lassos of tough vines or creepers, with which he pulled the Spaniards from their horses and compelled them to fight on foot. Again and again he defeated the conquistadors and destroyed their little towns. Finally he completely conquered a band of Spanish soldiers, and took the governor, Valdivia, prisoner.

Lautaro continued to be triumphant, and it looked for a while as if the Spaniards would be forced to leave the land of the Araucanians. Then, when the conquistadors were not strong enough to meet the Indians openly, they succeeded in surprising Lautaro's camp at night, and killed the brave young general.

The Indians had many different leaders after that, and suffered many defeats. Some of these leaders were very skilful generals, but none possessed the genius of Lautaro, who, had he lived, might have freed his people entirely from the rule of the white men. As it was, neither defeat, famine, nor disease could break the spirit of the Indians. They would not give up. The Spaniards held their ground just as firmly. They too, had suffered much from wounds, sickness, hunger and thirst, and their little towns had been destroyed again and again by the Araucanians. Still they clung desperately to their bare foothold on the Chilean coast, nearly 2,000 miles from the strong Spanish settlements in Peru.

Finally, since neither the Spaniards could conquer the Araucanians, nor the Araucanians could drive out the Spaniards, the two peoples made a treaty; the Spaniards agreeing to stay north of the Bio-bio River, the Indians south of it. Their treaties were broken again and again, but always

renewed, the Araucanians remaining unconquered for three hundred years.

At last, in 1882 after Chile had won her independence from Spain, and had been a republic for fifty years, the Araucanians consented to become full citizens of the Chilean republic. Now the brave young general, Lautaro, is considered a hero by all loyal Chileans, whether Indians or descendants of the old conquistadors.

What of the Indians of this great western coast to-day? As we have said before, there are few remaining in the ancient home of the Golden Man, but there are more in the southern and eastern part of Colombia, who are very poor and live in a very simple fashion. In Chile the descendants of the brave Araucanians are becoming fewer each year, on account of alcohol and disease, although they were once a fine, strong people. Since we shall not have time to talk about all of these Indians, we will therefore describe only the most numerous tribes, the Quichuas (Kē′-chwäz) and the Aymarás (Ī-mä-räz′) of Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia, which are the original tribes of the old Inca empire.

These Indians are for the most part very, very poor, and the white men who are rich and large landowners, force them to work in the cities and on their lands, by furnishing them with supplies of different kinds, and particularly

with a fiery alcoholic drink made from sugar-cane, which the Indians of course have no money to buy, and must pay for by working out the value. The rich man may put a very high price upon what he gives the Indian, and so compel him to work for him year after year. Many thousands of the poor ignorant Indians are thus in debt all their lives, and are little better than slaves.

Most of the Indians on the eastern slopes of the Andes, and in Chile in the mines, are compelled to serve some rich white man much in the same way.

Scarcely any of these Indians can read or write a word. In some places the government has tried to establish Spanish schools for them, and will even pay them to attend, but most of the Indian boys and girls do not know the Spanish language, so they cannot understand the lessons. They do not wish to learn to read and write, for then they would have to serve in the army and perform other duties, and they do not trust the government of their country or wish to have anything to do with it.

The strong, brave Araucanians, who could be conquered by neither the Incas nor the Spanish conquistadors, are being conquered and killed daily by alcohol. These fine men, together with the Quichuas and Aymarás, who were once so

intelligent and progressive, have sunk into a condition far lower than they were four hundred years ago.

What have we to do with these Indians in far-off western South America? Do we owe them anything? Have we too, received without sharing? I wonder if you can think of any connection between them and ourselves? We can hardly sit down to a meal in our homes without remembering these Indians, for it was they who first cultivated the white potato and through the Spaniards gave this valuable food to the world. They still raise the best corn and potatoes in the whole world. If you cut or hurt yourself, or have a very painful tooth cared for, you may remember with gratitude the Indians of the Inca empire, for it was they who brought to the attention of the Spaniards the use of the leaves of the coca shrub, to deaden pain or fatigue. Since 1884 cocaine, made from the coca leaves, has been used to prevent pain, when surgeons are performing operations which would otherwise cause much suffering.

If you ever have malarial fever, you must again think gratefully of the South American Indians, for long before the Spaniards came to South America, they knew how to use the quinine bark to stop fever. The wife of the viceroy of Peru, in 1628, was the first white

A REED BOAT ON LAKE TITICACA

person to be cured by its use. This medicine has been used by people all over the world. If the Indians had not discovered this secret, hundreds of years might have passed before we found out its use.

Are we doing anything in return for these practical gifts? Of course we pay for them with money, but we must still be grateful to the Indians for making these discoveries for the world. Have we any valuable gifts which we are not sharing with them, and which would benefit them? The very best thing which we have and they have not is the Bible. From its teachings they would learn that evil spirits have no power over them; they would gain strength to resist the temptation to drink, and they would learn that, however lowly they are and oppressed by white men, God values even the poorest Indian and sent his Son to save him. They would then begin to respect themselves, would wish to read and write, and share in making their republics the best and noblest possible. As it is, two presidents of Peru have been men of Indian blood.

The Spanish boys and girls of Peru and Bolivia, like those of Colombia and Venezuela, do not have the Bible, nor have they good schools. So our missionaries have established day and boarding schools for them in Lima and La Paz, and various other places, like those we have told

about for the Colombian boys and girls. How do you think this will help the Indians, even if as yet we have no special schools or missionaries for them?

The South American Missionary Society of England is helping the Araucanian boys and girls to become strong Christians, and is training them in industrial schools to become good farmers and housekeepers, and helpful Chilean citizens. You will find the center for their work at Temuco (Tā-moo′-kō), where they have a hospital for the Indians. This town you will see on the map midway between Conception and Valdivia, in the old country of the Araucanians, where so many battles were fought between the conquistadors and the brave Indians under Lautaro.

CHAPTER V

GENERAL SAN MARTIN

COLUMBUS had hardly discovered the New World, before both the Spanish and Portuguese kings, eager for gold and silver, were quarreling as to who should possess it. The pope, to whom the matter was referred, finally decided that Spain should have all the land west of a line drawn about 1,410 miles west of the Cape Verde Islands, and Portugal all that lay east of it. South America had not yet been discovered, but when it was, you will see by looking at a map of the world, that Portugal was thus entitled to Brazil, and Spain to northern, western, and southern South America.

After South America was discovered, both countries sent explorers and settlers to the new lands. Soon the sons and grandsons of the early comers, born in Venezuela, in Colombia, in Ecuador and Peru, and all the other Spanish possessions, began to love these countries and to feel that they were their own. But they were not allowed to make laws and govern themselves. All the officials, judges, and laws came from

Spain. The king taxed the colonists heavily, and permitted them to buy and sell only with the mother country, even if they could get better prices and better supplies by dealing with other lands.

Most unfair of all, although the colonists had to pay all the cost of shipment, was the fact that only by one road did the king allow them to receive their goods. Even if the cargo of supplies were intended for Buenos Aires, the chief city of Argentina, which you will find on the southeastern coast of South America, the ships first sailed to the Isthmus of Panama; then the cargo was packed upon the backs of mules and sent to the Pacific coast, where it was again loaded upon ships and sent to Callao, the port of Lima, from there it was taken to Lima, and then by pack of mules, making the journey—one of many months—across the Andes into Bolivia, and thence down across Argentina to Buenos Aires on the coast. Whatever colony the supplies were intended for, they must first go by this route to Lima. Thus a toy for which a Spanish child would pay one penny, would cost a boy or girl in Argentina $6.00. Since this way of shipment was so expensive, the Argentinians could not sell their grain, hides, and cattle with any profit, hence they were very poor. Only the people who owned mines, in the countries rich in

gold and silver and a few large land proprietors, could make any money at all, so they gave up almost everything else and just worked the Indians in the mines as hard as they could. Thus the fertile soil was not cultivated with nearly the care that it had received under the Incas, roads and bridges were not built, and all except a few individuals and the mine owners became very poor indeed.

The Spanish sovereign wished only for gold, nor was he willing to give anything worth while in return for it. He did not care whether the South Americans were educated or not. There were just a few schools for the wealthy, under the direction of the priests, but the poorer people, and those living on ranches far from a town, could not read nor write any more than the Indians.

Although Spain tried very hard to keep her colonies in South America under her control, by making strict laws that they should trade with no land but the mother country, and tried to prevent the new ideas of religious and civil liberty, which were spreading through the whole world, from reaching them, she could not quite succeed. By 1810 many young leaders were talking and working for liberty. Chief among these was a young man from Venezuela named Simon Bolivar (Sē′-mōn Bō-lē′-vär).

Argentina, as we have shown, had suffered

much from the unjust treatment of Spain, and drank in eagerly the new ideas of freedom. A year after the beginning of the revolution against the Spanish power in the north, a young son of the Argentine colony reached its shores from Spain. His name was José de San Martin.[1] He had left Argentina, the land of his birth, when he was a little boy only eight years old, but he had never forgotten her, and although he had been educated in Spain, and had risen to be a prominent young officer in the Spanish army, he loved Argentina with all his heart. When he heard of the beginning of Argentina's struggle for independence from Spain, he resigned his position in the Spanish army, and sailed as fast as he could for his native land, to help her with all that he had learned in Europe.

San Martin gathered the finest young men of Argentina together and drilled them from morning till night, in order to prepare them to become officers. Those who rebelled against this hard work, he dismissed, for he rightly concluded that those who were not willing to work for their native land were not worthy to be honored with positions of command in her armies. He was quite determined that they should *not* receive something without giving a fair return. The little band of young men who finally remained

[1] Hō-sā' dā Sān Mār'-teen.

with him were the best trained and ablest native soldiers in all South America.

Argentina soon succeeded in establishing her freedom, but she knew that she could not maintain it if all the other Spanish colonies in South America remained under the control of the mother country, for Spain could send them against Argentina to subdue her. It seemed absolutely necessary, then, that Argentine should help the revolutionary leaders in the other colonies drive out their Spanish officials, and soldiers. First she sent an army into Paraguay, which country was devoted to the Spanish king. The army was so small that it was soon entirely captured by the Paraguayan soldiers. Then a very queer thing happened. The captured army in turn captured the Paraguayans not with guns, but by argument, and Paraguay, too, declared herself independent of Spain.

Uruguay also successfully revolted.

Still there remained the far larger countries on the west coast, yet in the power of Spain. Who should undertake the hard, self-sacrificing task of helping them? San Martin was quickly chosen by his country to have the honor of this difficult duty.

Chile was Argentina's nearest western neighbor in trouble. Her efforts at freedom had not succeeded, and many of her gallant young patriots,

among them a young man named Bernardo O'Higgins, who was half Irish and half Spanish in parentage, but all Chilean in loyalty, had to flee over the high Andes into Argentina to escape the Spanish soldiers. Here, right under the shadow of the Andes, in the town of Mendoza, San Martin established a camp. The faithful young men of the Argentine were with him, and here he received the young patriots from Chile, and a band of freed Negro slaves, who were thankful enough to fight for their country in return for their liberty. San Martin formed even the children into regiments, and they proudly marched about under their own flags.

For three long, hard years San Martin worked in his camp, getting everything ready, drilling his untrained soldiers day after day, collecting food for the journey over the Andes, gathering thousands of sure-footed mules to drag the cannon and the wagons filled with ammunition and supplies of all kinds. His men had to have uniforms, and the patriotic women of Mendoza gladly gave their services in making them. They even threw their jewels into San Martin's war chest to help pay the expenses of the army. The passes over the mountains which San Martin had chosen for his soldiers to follow were so lofty that they were always covered with ice and snow and sometimes hidden in the clouds.

A MARKET SCENE IN QUITO

When people climb mountains as high as that, it makes the heart beat very fast, and it is difficult to breathe. San Martin even provided medicine for this mountain illness in case his soldiers should become sick.

At last everything was ready. The cannon were wrapped in wool, so that they would not rust. Sledges of rawhide were provided by which the cannon could be dragged up and coasted down the mountains where the grade proved too steep for the mules, on whose backs they were strapped for the ordinary travel. Advance parties stored supplies of food all along the way, which proved a great help.

Then, when the army was ready to start, on January 17, 1817, a grand holiday was proclaimed. San Martin and all his soldiers marched to the church, where the loyal women of Mendoza presented to the general a special army flag, which they had embroidered. After the Catholic ceremony of blessing the flag was over, San Martin mounted a platform in the town square and waving the new flag above his head, said in a voice which could be heard by all:

"Soldiers! This is the first independent flag which has been blessed in America."

From the men rang the answering cheer: "Long live our native land!"

Again San Martin spoke: "Soldiers! Swear

to sustain it and to die in defense of it, as I swear to do."

"We swear," came the solemn pledge from 4,000 throats.

The royal army expected San Martin's soldiers to appear over the southern passes, and especially by the one called Uspallata (Oos-pä-lä'-tä). They thought any other route too difficult, so they scattered their defending army in the south, and placed the largest numbers before the Uspallata pass where they hoped to catch San Martin's army as it filed through this narrow way. To deceive them, San Martin did send a small portion of his forces by this road, but the main part he himself led over a very difficult northern pass which the royal army never dreamed he would use. San Martin's hard years of careful preparation had their reward, for all his plans worked splendidly. He had forgotten nothing. He crossed the mountains so quickly by the unknown pass, that he was down in the warm valley in Chile before his enemies could do anything to stop him. Indeed he would have caught the royal forces between his first and second divisions and bottled them up at Uspallata, had they not been defeated by the little army and sent fleeing toward Santiago.

On February 12, 1817, San Martin's united forces attacked the royal army near Santiago, at

Chacabuco (Chä-kä-boo'-kō)—a name and date which every Chilean schoolboy always remembers with pride. Here again San Martin chose a way of approach not anticipated by the royal general. The gallant young O'Higgins led the first charge, but was too hasty, and might have been defeated had not General San Martin come galloping down the hillside to aid him, and the reserve force appeared just in time. As it was, the patriots were completely victorious, and the royalists, who lost heavily, were forced to flee. The next year Chile became a republic, with the brave young O'Higgins as first dictator or president.

Still, Chile was not safe if Peru continued to be in the power of Spain, and able to send soldiers down to trouble the young republic. On account of the waterless desert in northern Chile, across which San Martin could not successfully lead his men, he had to wait until Chile and Argentina could provide him a fleet to carry his army up to Peru. After two years all was ready, and San Martin sailed away to the aid of this sister colony. General San Martin was equally successful in Peru, and the grateful people made him dictator.

Still, the Spaniards were not all driven out, and the next year San Martin journeyed north to Ecuador, there to meet Simon Bolivar, who

had been fighting hard for the freedom of the northern part of the land.

"Can we join forces and thus quickly gain the freedom of all South America? Or, may I give you my army, and serve under you as one of your officers?" must have been the questions San Martin asked Bolivar.

The thing for which San Martin had worked so hard for seven years, had been the freedom of South America. He had won fame in doing this work, and people had honored and praised him. Now came the test. Bolivar was unwilling to share the glory with him. If San Martin demanded his rights, he would have to use his beloved soldiers to fight against the patriots of the north—loyal South Americans against loyal South Americans. Meantime, what would the Spanish armies be doing, while the patriots were fighting one another? Or else San Martin must give up all the honors he had won, and all the benefit of his work to Simon Bolivar, step aside, and let him have all the glory.

Traveling back from his meeting with Bolivar in Ecuador, San Martin made his decision. In the presence of the people's representatives he removed the sash from his breast, the emblem of his office as dictator. To his officers he said: "Be loyal to your new general, and serve him as faithfully as you have served me." Then, with-

out making any explanations which would cause people to think less favorably of Bolivar, he said good-by quietly, and journeyed back to Chile and thence to Argentina. A short time later he as quietly set sail for Europe, where, in 1824, he heard of Bolivar's final triumph, and the independence of all the Spanish colonies in South America. People could not understand such self-sacrifice for country, and many of them thought San Martin a coward, for he never tried to prove to them that he was not.

San Martin remained true to South America all his life. He died neglected, in exile, but years afterward his beloved Argentina learned to understand his goodness, and brought back his body to the city of Buenos Aires. To-day, whenever San Martin's name is mentioned in school, every Argentine schoolboy rises, lifts his hand to his forehead in salute, and exclaims: "Long live our native land!" A statue has been raised to him in Buenos Aires, another in Santiago by the brave and grateful Chileans, and one in Peru. Now every one honors José de San Martin as one of the truest patriots who ever lived in South America or any other country.

CHAPTER VI

HELPING IN THE SOUTHERN REPUBLICS

After San Martin and Bolivar had freed South America, the various colonies became republics. In order that a country become a successful republic, it must know how to govern itself. The people must elect a president and make their own laws and enforce them, but Spain had never given her colonies the slightest training in this difficult task. The result was that the leaders in each republic fell to fighting among themselves. It is too bad they could not all have been true patriots, like San Martin, and refuse to shed the blood of their fellow countrymen to serve their own ambitions. You must remember, however, that Spain had never set them an example of good government, and they had not had the Bible to read and study, so they did not know the ideals of unselfishness which Christ taught.

By their constant wars and bad management, the South American republics became poorer even than Spain had left them after her three

hundred long years of oppression. Hence, were you traveling in South America to-day, you would understand why you would find fewer railroads, fewer schools, fewer hospitals and orphanages than in our country, no Protestant churches, and Bibles only where the missionaries have gone. You will understand, and not think the people unprogressive, when you remember the unhappy things of the past.

The fact is, these countries are *very* progressive. They have been trying very hard to catch up with the leading nations of the world, and in many ways they have done so, and even surpassed them with the aid of their wonderful land, so richly gifted by nature. Yet, in some very important respects they are still behind. They lack good public schools and Sunday-schools, and they have very few benevolent works such as hospitals, orphanages, and protective homes and societies of different kinds. Therefore, when our missionary leaders have offered to help these republics with good schools, their offers have, for the most part, been gladly accepted. You will realize the need when you know that in some of these countries, out of every one hundred people you meet, eighty can neither read nor write. As for Sunday-schools, there was not one in the whole land before our missionaries came.

THE INDIANS IN PERU USE LLAMAS TO CARRY BURDENS

A COWBOY ON AN ARGENTINA RANCH

We have spoken of the industrial schools for the Araucanian boys and girls with which the British South American Missionary Society is helping the Indians. Teachers and ministers from the United States have established high schools, churches, and Sunday-schools for the boys and girls at Santiago, Valparaiso, and Conception.

The boys in the high school at Santiago, called the "Instituto Inglis," have about the same studies that we have in our high schools, and many of their graduates enter colleges in the United States for which they are as well prepared as our boys and girls. In their Sunday-school of eighty pupils, at Santiago, the boys have been studying about the heroes of the Old Testament, and the parables of Jesus. They too contribute to missions, for they support a boy in the "Sheltering Home" in Valparaiso, paying $30 a month for his needs, a very good amount for only eighty boys to contribute.

Also in Santiago is situated one of the finest boarding-schools for girls, which has an enrolment of three hundred pupils. If you should visit this school, you would enjoy knowing these girls. At Conception, which you will find farther south on the map, a city for the possession of which the conquistadors and the Araucanians fought again and again, there are two good

mission schools, one for boys and one for girls. They are called the "American College for Boys," and the "Conception College for Girls," although they correspond to our high schools in grade.

The Sunday-school in the girls' school at Conception is considered the finest in South America. The girls voluntarily take written examinations each quarter in the Sunday-school lessons, and the average mark is sent home on their report cards. How would you like to have your Sunday-school work tested in this way?

They are studying our uniform International lessons, which are printed in Spanish and sent to them from the city of Mexico. The Chilean schools are from six weeks to three months behind the lesson you will study next Sunday if your school is using the uniform course. The graded lessons for girls and boys are now translated into Spanish.

In Valparaiso two hundred and fifty boys and girls attend the seven day-schools. They are glad to go, even though they have to pay to do so. Would you think it queer to attend day-school in your Sunday-school room? That is what these boys and girls do and think nothing about it. Church, Sunday-school, and day-school are all held in the one room.

The summer vacation for these Valparaiso

school children begins the last of December, and ends March 1st, while the vacation which corresponds to our Christmas holidays, comes to them in September, when they celebrate their Independence day, September 18th. You see it is not the same date as that which the Colombian boys and girls recognize, for Chile declared her independence from Spain at a different time.

One of the favorite games of these boys is "Association football," or "soccer," which they play with the feet only, never touching the ball with their hands. If they cannot afford to buy an expensive football, they have just as much fun with one they make themselves out of an old stocking stuffed with paper. All the boys and even the men are experts at kite-flying.

The strangest Sunday-schools of all by which we are helping the boys and girls in Chile are up in the mining districts of the Atacama [1] desert, at Antofagasta [2] and other places. Here the churches in which the Sunday-schools are held are made of galvanized iron, since neither wood nor stone is to be found. In one of these galvanized iron rooms, seated on rough benches, and with the aid of a baby organ, these boys and girls enjoy their Sunday-school hour. The desert home of these children is very dreary indeed, for there is not a green thing in sight, and rain never falls.

[1] Ä-tä-kä'-mä. [2] Än-tō-fä-gäs'-tä.

There are more than 7,000 Chilean boys and girls in Sunday-schools. That is rather a small number, when you remember that Chile has a population of over 3,000,000. How many are in Sunday-school in your town or city in proportion to the population?

And now, having talked about the boys and girls in Chile, we are going to learn something about those in her sister republic, so closely related to her in history. We will take the same route as did San Martin and cross the Andes, but from Chile into Argentina, instead of from the Argentine into Chile. We can travel by railroad, instead of on foot as he did.

We have been talking about ways in which we might help Chile and Argentina, but just here at the top of the Uspallata Pass, the one over which San Martin sent his smaller division to meet the royal forces waiting for them on the other side, we find a monument by which Chile and Argentina can teach the whole world a lesson. In 1895 Argentina and Chile, who ought to have been the firmest of friends after their mutual struggles for liberty, got into a hot dispute over their boundary-line, which was supposed to follow the crest of the Andes. The more they talked about the valueless land in question the more angry they became.

"We will maintain our rights," said Chile.

"And we ours," replied the people of Argentina proudly, and they began building battleships, although all the time they were thinking with deep regret of the lives a war with their sister republic would cost.

Chile, watching Argentina, felt compelled to build ships too, if she did not wish to be defeated, although her people groaned at the thought of the heavy debt it would lay upon them.

Finally, some one suggested the wise course of submitting the dispute to a third nation for decision. Both Chile and Argentina jumped at the chance of thus avoiding with honor a hateful war between brothers.

Great Britain in 1902 suggested a plan which both Chile and Argentina felt to be fair and just. Two years later, to commemorate this happy decision by which the people of the sister republics were saved so much misery, an immense figure of Christ, the Prince of Peace, was made out of the cannon of both countries, and placed on this lofty gateway between the two nations, facing toward North America. At the base is a relief of two figures with arms about each other, representing the sister republics, while below is printed the inscription: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble to dust than the people of Argentina and Chile break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

How San Martin would have rejoiced at such a decision, for eighty years earlier he had shown these two countries which he loved so dearly the way to such a peace.

Over the hundreds of miles which San Martin passed with his small band of picked followers from Buenos Aires to Mendoza, we can travel now on a swift train and arrive at the capital of the Argentine Republic in less than thirty-six hours.

We would pass through very few towns on our way to the capital, for families on the vast ranches live widely separated from one another, and the cowboys, of course, roam the great plains. You can see now why the Argentine Republic has such a hard time to educate its boys and girls. There are seldom enough of them in any one place to establish a school, so the government has tried setting up portable schoolhouses, which can be moved from one group of pupils to another every few months. This plan is not very satisfactory, and many never learn to read and write at all. For the same reason you can see why there are no Sunday-schools or churches outside of a few large towns.

One fifth of all the Argentine's population lives in the capital, Buenos Aires, and here you will find a surprise, if you have been thinking the South Americans unprogressive. This is the

largest city in South America, and the largest Spanish-speaking city in the world, for Buenos Aires long ago surpassed any city in population in the old motherland of Spain. Four miles of docks border the city on the La Plata river, where you will see ships from every country in the world being loaded and unloaded. Here is also a great immigrant receiving station, like our Ellis Island, where hundreds of thousands of Italians, Spaniards, Russians, and Armenians enter yearly, for South America is still a golden land of promise to many in the old-world countries. You will find the streets of Buenos Aires as crowded and busy as those in New York or any of our other great cities. Large steel-framed buildings are being put up, a subway has been constructed, and of course there are numerous electric railways and automobiles.

Here you will find many magnificent public buildings, among them the finest opera-house in the western hemisphere, and the most splendid newspaper office in the world. This wonderful building of *La Prenza* (Lä Prān'-sä), has a beautiful concert hall and a rare suite of rooms in which the nation's guests are sometimes entertained by the paper. Here are some of the finest printing-presses and editorial rooms to be seen anywhere, and the fortunate employees have for their own use a splendid gymnasium and baths.

Best of all, there are dental and medical rooms, with the most up-to-date equipment, where subscribers of the paper may be treated free of charge. *La Prenza* also employs lawyers whom subscribers may consult without a fee. You would think that all the poor people in the Argentine who could read, would wish to subscribe to *La Prenza,* and certainly every Argentine boy and girl must be very proud of such a great newspaper.

In the Plaza San Martin, one of the most beautiful public squares of any city, you will recognize the splendid bronze statue of our hero San Martin, which represents him on horseback, as he looked at the moment he galloped down the hillside to aid O'Higgins at the battle of Chacabuco.

Probably if you were visiting Buenos Aires, you would wish to see Palermo Park, which the Argentinians love as much as we do Central Park in New York, Fairmount Park in Philadelphia, Lincoln Park in Chicago, or Golden Gate Park in San Francisco. There you would enjoy visiting the Botanical and Zoological Gardens. In the latter, you would find a large collection of lions and tigers.

Do they need our help in this largest of South American cities? Unfortunately, underneath all the bustle and progress of this great city, there

is very much wickedness. There is wickedness too of many kinds in our own great cities, but we have many more ways by which we can battle against it,—churches, charitable societies, societies to prevent cruelty to children, and to protect animals, temperance societies, officers who see that our boys and girls have only the right amusements, and many Christian Associations. This great city has only begun to use two or three of these ways of stopping its evil.

The Sunday-schools that have been started by our missionaries, and the South American Missionary Society of England, have not all the Sunday-school equipment that we have, but usually are compelled to meet in their church room, and have not the pictures, the maps, the books, and the blackboards which we use.

In 1868 the president of Argentina asked one of our missionaries to help his country by selecting good American teachers to assist in the training of teachers for the Argentine children, and we ought to feel very proud to think that our country could help in forming the school system of a great republic like Argentina. Five thousand six hundred of the poor children of Buenos Aires who could not go to school otherwise, and who never see a Bible in their homes, are taught to read and write, and use the New Testament as one of their text-books. The people are eager to

send their children to these schools because they become truthful and better boys and girls by doing so. If you should visit one of our mission schools in the Argentine you would find it different from those in Colombia. You would see here the very same kind of desk which you sit before at school, for desks like our own are sent all the way down from our country to the boys and girls in the Argentine. Many other things in the room there would remind you of school at home.

However, if you visited Argentina during your vacation in July or August you would find the boys and girls, like their cousins in Chile, hard at work, for these are winter months' south of the Tropic of Capricorn, while in November, December, and January, when you are having your Christmas holidays, they are enjoying their long summer vacation.

In Asuncion, too, the capital of Paraguay, you will find boys and girls studying in the schools and Sunday-schools with which our people are helping them. Eastward across the river from Buenos Aires is the city of Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay, one of the most beautiful cities in the world, and as progressive as Buenos Aires. Here you will see other high schools for boys and girls, with more than two hundred students,

and Sunday-schools with more than six hundred pupils.

You see, from this chapter, that when we think of South America, we must remember not only the millions of Indians and the small towns of the white people and the mestizos, or people of mixed blood, but also of the needs of the large progressive cities, like Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Valparaiso, Santiago, the third largest city in South America, and the great cities of Brazil, of which we will speak later. For even in these progressive cities there is great need of our help.

CHAPTER VII

THE STORY OF BRAZIL

Did you ever know that the biggest republic in South America had once been governed by a little boy six years old?

All our previous stories have been about lands in South America which belonged to Spain. Brazil belonged to Portugal, for, besides the decree of the pope already mentioned, by which Portugal might claim this country, the first man to report its discovery in 1500 was a Portuguese captain named Cabral (Cä-bräl′). By the order of the Portuguese sovereign, another explorer, Amerigo Vespucci (Ä-mā-rē′-gō Vās-poo′-chē), voyaged along the coast and searched for gold and silver. A kind of red dye-wood, called brazil-wood, however, was the only thing of value he or any other explorer could find, and it looked as if the Portuguese king had not won a very valuable prize. Everybody referred to the new land as brazil-wood land, and finally just as "Brazil."

Portugal, like Spain, made laws forbidding her colony to trade with any land other than the

mother country, but she could not always enforce them. So Brazil slyly sold supplies to France, to England, and to the Spanish colonies in South America. She too, like the Spanish colonies, became restless with the new ideas of liberty which began to circulate in the early nineteenth century. But just before San Martin and Bolivar began their work for the liberation of the Spanish colonies, in 1808 a thing happened which made Brazil's history different from that of any other country in South America. The royal family of Portugal, together with many of the nobility, fled from Portugal to Brazil, because France had gained possession of their country. Thus the motherland had come to Brazil, and Brazil, the daughter, received her kindly. Now Brazil gained all the advantages that Portugal had enjoyed, and no longer thought of revolting. Her ports were opened to all nations, newspapers were started, schools and a medical college opened, and foreigners welcomed. Our country and other countries sent representatives to the court at Rio de Janeiro, and altogether Brazil became a real country by herself.

Soon, however, Brazil found that it was not a pleasant thing to have to support the idle, extravagant court, and to be governed by a king who could do exactly as he pleased. The Brazilians demanded a constitution, which would

give them certain rights, such as we have. Just in the midst of this excitement, when Prince John who was acting as king began to fear for his life, Portugal sent for him to come home, for the enemy's armies had withdrawn from her soil. The king felt that it would be safer to go, but his eldest son, Dom Pedro, promised that he would remain in Brazil and become their ruler independent of his father, since the people feared that once King John was at home he would begin to make very oppressive laws against them. Great was the rejoicing in Brazil when on the 12th of October, 1822, the young Dom Pedro was crowned first Emperor of Brazil. Within less than a year, not a Portuguese soldier remained in the young, independent empire of Brazil.

At first the emperor was very popular, for he was daring and brave and talked a great deal about liberty. The people, however, soon began to find out that, although their emperor talked a great deal about the rights of his people, he did very little to secure them, and always favored those who like himself had been born in Portugal. The Brazilians began to tire of him, and as he was not a good man in his personal life, they ceased after a while even to respect him. The emperor's father, King John of Portugal had died, and Dom Pedro could rightly claim the throne, so in less than ten years after the hopeful

Brazilians had proclaimed him emperor, Dom Pedro slipped out of the country, which had ceased to love him, and left his little six-year-old boy, Dom Pedro II behind as emperor of the great country of Brazil.

Of course a little six-year-old boy could not govern a great empire like Brazil—larger than the United States, so various prominent men of Brazil became his guardians and ministers, and acted for him. However, Brazil had not been trained any better than the Spanish colonies to govern herself. The ministers could not agree, and quarreled for almost nine years among themselves. You can imagine how distracted the poor country became, and how ill-governed it was. At last even the ministers began to despair, and in their distress went in a body before the boy emperor and begged him to govern the country himself and settle their disputes.

The slender boy listened gravely to the pleadings of these old men, and then with dignity consented, at fifteen, to take upon his young shoulders the burden of governing that great country. The people of Brazil went wild with joy when they heard the news, and Congress met in a special session to proclaim the boy-emperor of age. There was no more time now for boyish games and amusements. All day Dom Pedro

BANANA TREES

Many thousand bunches of bananas are sent from Colombia each month. The tree bears but once and grows to full size in less than one year.

studied and read, or held long conferences with his ministers, or thought over their plans for the well-being of his country.

Dom Pedro grew up to be a good man, not at all like his father Dom Pedro I, and tried to govern the country for the good of the people all through his long reign. There were many difficulties, however, and at last, when Dom Pedro was old, the people began to feel that Brazil would succeed better as a republic than as an empire. The old emperor himself had helped to strengthen the republican principles, and when the question of the ending of slavery came up in 1888, for slavery still existed in Brazil twenty-five years after it had ceased in our country, he and his only child, the Princess Isabel, used all their influence to have it ended, although such a course was sure to help the triumph of the republican leaders. Slavery was finally abolished by vote, not by bloodshed as in our country. The next year republican ideas gained such ground that Brazil was declared a republic; then the feeble old emperor and his family quietly boarded a ship one night and left the country forever. The good emperor must have felt very sad to leave his native land, but, like San Martin in his country, he put the welfare of Brazil first, and never shed a drop of blood to try to maintain his position.

We must not think of Brazil only as a land of great plains, tropical wildernesses, mighty rivers, and wild, unexplored tracts; we must remember its great cities. Rio de Janeiro, which means "The River of January," because the bay on which the city is built was first seen by Vespucci in the month of January, is, next to Buenos Aires, the largest city in South America, and one of the most beautiful cities in the world. It is very progressive, and has all the modern improvements. There are many palm-lined streets of beautiful homes, and at the rear of the city is a wonderful botanical garden containing splendid groves of palm, bamboo, and every variety of tropical tree and plant. Para in the north is the great center for the exportation of raw rubber; Pernambuco and Bahia export sugar and cotton. All are large, old cities, while Sao Paulo in the south is of particular interest to us besides being with Santos, its port, the great center of the coffee trade.

Brazil, like the Spanish republics, has suffered from a lack of good schools and the Bible. Eighty-five out of every hundred of her people cannot read or write because in considering her population, all the thousands of Indians in the great valley of the Amazon must be included, and they have no schools at all. When the American and English Bible Society men first traveled

about the land, selling Bibles, they found many people who had never seen the book before. Many of them at first did not welcome the Bible because they thought it must be an evil book, and the Bible sellers went through many perils and exciting adventures in consequence, sometimes barely escaping with their lives. Now the people of Brazil have a much more friendly attitude toward Christian teachers.

The United States uses more of the rich products of Brazil than any other country, although we cannot supply *her* needs nearly as well as can Great Britain or Germany. You see therefore, it is not an even exchange of helpfulness, and we ought to give something to boot.

Many of the missionary societies in our land are now doing their part to share with our neighbors, and are helping Brazil with schools and churches. Perhaps some of you boys and girls have fathers or big brothers who have studied at the College of the City of New York. If so, you ought to be specially interested in Brazil, for this university has a close connection with that country, for to Mackenzie College, in Sao Paulo, Brazil, it has given a charter, and the Educational Board of our state of New York outlines its courses. This splendid college has a Christian missionary for president. Many of the finest boys and girls, young men and

young women of Brazil study in this school, which is half high school and half college, and are very proud of the education they get there. The Brazilian government, too, considers this a splendid gift from our country, and helps the college in every way.

If you were visiting Sao Paulo, however, you would be most interested in the American school, which is really part of Mackenzie college. It is in this fine, big school, about a mile and a half from the college, that 490 boys and girls of your age and younger are prepared for Mackenzie. They love fun just as much as you do, and are very proud this year over the organization of their first Boy Scout troop. If you were actually visiting their school, many of these boys and girls might talk to you in English, while very few of you could talk to them in Portuguese. They are supposed to be able to speak several languages besides their own by the time they are ready to graduate from high school. The boys and girls of the American school must pass in arithmetic, English, French, Portuguese, geography, and history before they can enter the first high school year at Mackenzie. We must remember that in Brazil too, the seasons are the opposite of ours, so boys and girls in the American school begin work after their *summer* vacation, on January 31st.

Brazil, with her great coffee crop, her valuable rubber which is the finest in the world, her gold and diamonds, spices and beautiful woods, her mighty rivers filled with fish enough to feed all the cities of Europe, has made the nations to whom she sends these valuable products her debtors. They pay for them of course with money, but if Brazil did not offer these supplies for their needs all the money in the world could not buy them. Brazil does not need other nations yet to maintain her life as much as they need her. When we think of the thousands of Indians in the great central part of the country, who have never had any one at all to tell them of God, of the thousands of Negroes who still worship as they did in Africa before they were brought as slaves to Brazil, and of the many white boys and girls who do not know about the Bible and to whom the country cannot yet give schools enough, we know that Brazil needs us even more than we need her, and if we are really grateful to her, we will be glad to share with this great republic, our teachers, our Sunday-schools, and best of all, our Bible.

CHAPTER VIII

CAPTAIN GARDINER

We have had stories of brave generals, of emperors, and of Indian princes; this is the story of a brave sea-captain. Captain Allen F. Gardiner was born in England, June 28, 1794, and when only a small boy made up his mind that he wished to be a sea-captain and visit strange countries. One night his mother finding him asleep on the floor instead of in his bed asked, "Why are you lying there?" "Because some day I am going to be a sea-captain and explore strange lands, so I must get used to hardships right away," was the reply.

Allen Gardiner held to his resolve, graduated from a naval school, and became a midshipman when only sixteen years old. He was so brave and trustworthy, that four years later he was promoted to be a lieutenant, and finally reached his goal and became a captain.

Some of Captain Gardiner's early voyages took him around Cape Horn, the most southern point of South America, to Chile, the islands of the Pacific, to Africa, and other lands. Then he

began to think about becoming a minister. He asked God to direct him, and finally decided that perhaps he could serve him best by being a missionary. At first he went to Africa among the Zulus, and established a mission station for them. Then he tried to work for the people of the Indian islands, but could not gain permission to do so. At last, since he had always been thinking of the needs of the Indians of South America, and especially of the brave Araucanians, whom the Spaniards could never conquer, he went to South America, followed the track of San Martin from Buenos Aires to Mendoza, and crossed the Andes into the country of the Araucanians.

Captain Gardiner took with him his wife and children, and in spite of many discomforts, with sometimes little food, and then not that which a boy or girl would care to eat, the children had a merry time riding in queer ox-carts or on horseback, sleeping out under the stars, searching for game, or tramping through the wild passes of the Andes, where perhaps an English boy and girl had never gone before. However weary they might be at night, or however uncomfortable the wind and rain, their father always had a cheerful story to tell them to make them forget the hardship.

Captain Gardiner visited many chiefs in Chile, but no one of them would allow him to live

among his tribe, for they had suffered so much from white men that now they would not permit one to settle among them. Finally he had to give up for the time being the idea of teaching them. He went to the Falkland Islands, which belong to Great Britain. From there he thought to reach and teach the people of Patagonia, and the savage Indians of Tierra del Fuego.

This last name was given by Magellan to the extreme southern part of South America, and means "Land of Fire," because, as is supposed, the explorer saw everywhere the fires or burning brands which the Indians never allowed to go out. Fire was a very precious thing to these almost naked people in a land where it is always cold and stormy.

The Patagonians were fine, tall Indians, some of them six feet seven inches in height, and intelligent. The Indians of the bleak, storm-swept islands of Tierra del Fuego were short, ill-proportioned people, who lived largely on fish and mussels, and during the brief summer, on wild mushrooms, celery, and berries. They did not worship any god at all, in fact did not have that word in their language, and were very cruel, usually killing all the sailors shipwrecked on their shores. You would not think that any one could love such people, yet to Captain Gardiner they were golden men worth all the danger and hard-

ship it would cost to live among them and patiently teach them day after day cleaner and more comfortable ways of living, and above all to make them realize that God loved them, and wished them to be kind, honest men, instead of thieves and murderers.

Finally, after Captain Gardiner had gone well over the ground, he returned to England to try to interest the missionary societies there to take up this hard new work in South America. They, however, thought they had enough to do already, and could not undertake any more; so in 1844, Captain Gardiner, by his enthusiasm, his determination, and his promise to help largely with his own money, succeeded in founding a brand new society called "The South American Missionary Society," and returned full of hope to Patagonia where he thought he had won the friendship of one of the chiefs of that land. Unfortunately, however, he found on his return that, during the three years he had been absent in England, this chief and his tribe had come in contact with evil men in a white settlement, and through drink had lost most of their horses, become very poor, and no longer were ready to receive him. One more door closed in the face of the brave captain, but still nothing could discourage him.

The society in England now thought there was no use in trying any more. The Yahgans of

Tierra del Fuego seemed hardly worth saving, and they could not get permission to help any one else in South America. The boy who had slept on the hard floor because he wanted to learn to endure suffering, as a man would not be defeated. With flashing eyes he faced the men of the society, saying of the Indians, " They have a *right* to be instructed in the gospel of Christ. While God gives me strength, failure shall not daunt me." Even if the society broke up, still he declared he would go on alone, and find some way to help South America.

Once more Captain Gardiner set out, this time with a young Spanish Protestant, to search again through the central part of Argentina and Paraguay up into Bolivia, to see if in some way, which he might have overlooked before, the many thousands of Indians in this central district called the Gran Chaco which means the great Hunting Grounds, could be helped. He found no open door. Owing to the hardships they had endured he and his friend became very ill, and it seemed as if the brave captain would never rise from his bed again. Still he did not think of giving up, and when well once more, petitioned the government of Bolivia to allow him to preach to the thousands of untaught Indians in that land. For a time the government seemed very friendly, but before Captain Gardiner could begin his

work, there was a revolution in the republic, and all hope of a mission ended.

You see there were just the poor Yahgans of the "Land of Fire" left. No one considered these miserable savages in a barren wind-swept waste worth bothering about in any way. After another unlucky attempt to reach them, Captain Gardiner thought that he had at last found the best way. The home society after long debate, gave him two small mission boats. A young physician and a young man from the London Young Men's Christian Association promised to go with him. A ship's carpenter and three sturdy Cornish fishermen also voluntered.

The little party reached Picton Island, a very small island just south of the big island of Tierra del Fuego, December 5, 1850, with supplies enough to last them for six months. As soon as the big ship which had brought them sailed away, one misfortune after another came to them. First the mission boats proved unseaworthy, so that they could not carry out their plan of visiting a friendly native who spoke English, and get his help; then the Yahgans, who crowded about them at Banner Cove, proved so dishonest that they could not camp among them, and indeed the party might have been murdered for their possessions had they stayed there. Heavy storms swept in from the sea, so that finally the two

helpless little mission boats had to put into a sheltered cove on the southeastern shore of Tierra del Fuego, called Spaniard Harbor, where they would be safe from both storms and natives. But even here one of their little boats was driven on the shore and wrecked by the high waves.

Once they returned to Banner Cove for provisions, where the Indians met them evidently prepared to kill them. Although Gardiner and his men had guns, they would not use them, but instead knelt on the shore before the Indians and prayed. The Yahgans looked at the white men with astonishment, lowered their weapons, and allowed the little party to go on unharmed.

There was nothing now for the seven brave men to do but to wait patiently for some big ship to come to their rescue. Gradually the provisions failed, the gunpowder was all gone, the ice swept their fish-net away, and the winter storms set in, in June. For a time they lived cheerfully on what wild celery they could find, and the mussels they could dig, while they waited for the ship that never came.

We know now all about these brave last days of the little party, for Captain Gardiner kept a diary. When he found that no ship could possibly reach him in time to save his life, and most of his loyal comrades were dead, he wrote a splendid farewell letter to his boy, telling him

that some day he hoped he too would be a missionary and come to South America. He reminded him of the courageous Araucanians, whom he had loved so long, and said it would be a fine thing if his son could carry them the message, since he had not been permitted to do so.

Those last days were busy days for Captain Gardiner, for he was constantly thinking and planning for his beloved Indians. Not only did he remember the Araucanians in Chile, he planned also for the murderous Yahgans about him, and wrote a letter to the South American Missionary Society telling just how, profiting by his mistakes, some one else could accomplish his purpose for them. Then, too, for hours at a time, when he was too weak to move, he lay in the little broken boat on the shore thinking of the many tribes in the great central Chaco, which he had seen, but had not been able to teach. He imagined their many chiefs standing before him, and dreamed what he would say to them if he could only talk to them. Taking his pencil and paper, he wrote a beautiful letter to these Toba chiefs as he called them. We have this letter and the others, together with his diary, because one month after Captain Gardiner had peacefully fallen into his last sleep on the sandy beach in Spaniard Harbor, a ship did come and later another. There was a beautiful burial service for

these seven brave missionaries, and all their papers and letters were taken home to England.

Have you ever thought how incomplete the story of Jesus would be if we stopped with the laying of his body in the tomb in the garden of Calvary? In the same way the story of Captain Allen Gardiner does not end with the tender burial of his body by the sailors from the rescue ship, with the solemn booming over the water of the ship's guns in last salute, and the lowering of the British flag to half-mast in honor of his splendid life. We must say, "And what next?" There is everything next, for all the good and beautiful things of which Captain Gardiner dreamed and for which he worked, and with such gladness gave his life, came true.

When the South American Missionary Society heard of the death of Captain Gardiner and all his party, they were at first discouraged, but their determined Secretary published this statement, which rang through England: "With God's help the mission shall be maintained." Three years later a big ship, named the *Allen Gardiner,* with a large missionary party aboard, set out for the "Land of Fire," and work was begun in earnest for the Indians of Tierra del Fuego. In spite of all difficulties they followed carefully the plans of Captain Gardiner. Other heroes, too, died for the Yahgans before they

could be won, but still the work went triumphantly forward. The patient missionaries translated into the Yahgan tongue the gospels of St. Luke and St. John and the Acts of the Apostles.

Then all the world began to wonder at the result. It no longer meant certain death to sailors to be wrecked on the bleak shores of Tierra del Fuego, for now the Indians cared for and helped them. At Tekenika (Tā-kēn-ē′-kä) on Hoste (Hōs′-tā) Island, stands the most southerly church in the world. Here also is a school and orphanage for the Yahgans. All through the "Land of Fire" there are Christian homes now, and Christian Yahgan boys and girls. Farther north on the River Negro in Patagonia, at Patagones (Pä-tä-gō′-nās), is a mission for the tall Indians whom Captain Gardiner had wished so much to teach.

Allen W. Gardiner, the son to whom Captain Gardiner wrote during those last days at Spaniard Harbor, did become a missionary, when he was a man, and went to Chile, where he made friends with one of the Araucanian chiefs.

On the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the South American Missionary Society by Captain Allen Gardiner, a great jubilee was held in England, and, as the people's special offering of thanks, gifts were made for a large, well-equipped mission to the Araucanians, for the door

now stood wide open. And who do you think was the special jubilee missionary to be chosen to go to these brave Indians whom Captain Gardiner admired so much? It was Captain Gardiner's own grandson, Dr. William Reade Gardiner. If the heroic missionary could only have seen into the future, as he lay in his little boat at Spaniard Harbor, how happy he would have been.

Dr. Gardiner died soon after arriving in Chile, but the work went splendidly forward, and we know now all about the industrial schools, the churches, and the Sunday-schools which the Society has established among Captain Gardiner's chosen people.

Up in Bolivia, too, where the Captain asked the government to allow him to preach to the Quichuas, there are schools for the Indians.

Best of all, the great Toba chiefs, to whom Captain Gardiner wrote as he was dying, are hearing the message which he sent to them. Long have these Toba people told the story from father to son, that some day men would come to them to guide them in knowledge, and be a blessing to their race. At last the long expected men have come. In the great Hunting Grounds of Paraguay, that little republic in the heart of the continent, which has had so many wars, and is more an Indian republic than any other in South America, a brave missionary named Barbrooke

Grubb began his work. For seven years he lived among these wandering people, eating, sleeping, hunting and tramping as they did, till he learned their language and customs, and made them love and respect him. Now there are a number of missionaries among them, they have Christian villages, a large church, which they built themselves, and schools. There the boys and girls for whom there are more difficulties in becoming true Christians than there are for us, are growing up to be teachers and preachers among their own people. Gradually the Christian influence is spreading farther and farther among these wandering thousands of Indians in the great Chaco, till some day it will reach the mountains.

Thus, to the Araucanians, to the Yahgans of Tierra del Fuego, to the Patagonians, and to the great Toba nations of the Chaco, the gospel story is being told just as Captain Gardiner wished. The South American Missionary Society has even done more. To the English people who are engaged in business in South America it has sent ministers. Thousands of the boys and girls of Buenos Aires, you remember, are studying the Bible in their schools, in Brazil there is an orphanage and other work, and even up in Panama there is a church.

Did Captain Gardiner fail or succeed, when he laid down his life on the storm-swept sands of Tierra del Fuego?

CHAPTER IX

SHARING

Every time it rains we have to remember South America, for it was from the great forests of Brazil that our first rubber came to make overshoes and raincoats. Every time we have an automobile ride, every time we take a spin on a bicycle, every time we sprinkle the lawn, we must be thankful to Brazil, for the rubber out of which the tires and the hose are made. Every time we play tennis, every time we put on our rubber-soled gymnasium shoes, we must remember the big, thick-barked rubber trees and the hundreds of dark-skinned Indians of the Amazon who patiently visit the swamps day after day, to empty the white milk from the tiny cups and then as patiently turn and twist the wooden paddles over the palm-nut smoke to make the rubber hams.

Every time the sun shines and we take a walk we must think of South America, for perhaps the very leather out of which the shoes we wear are made came from the Argentine or Paraguay, where so many thousands of cattle are raised.

The asphalt of the street over which we may ride came from the island of Trinidad, with its great lake of black pitch, lying just off the coast of Venezuela.

The green lawns we see, and the farms we pass may be fertilized by the nitrates from the world's greatest supply store in the desert of Atacama in northern Chile.

If we walk through the town and stop before a jeweler's window, from what country do we know all the true emeralds shown there have come? From what country will many of the most brilliant diamonds have been brought? If silver spoons and silver cups are displayed, we must think of the plodding Quichuas of Bolivia or Peru, who may have dug it out of their mines. If there are carved flower pins of vegetable ivory in the window we must also think of the ivory nut trees in the forests of Ecuador and Brazil.

If we pass a hardware store, all the tin pans and pails may have been made from tin brought from Bolivia.

And if we are thirsty and stop at a soda fountain to drink a glass of sarsaparilla, or if we order vanilla or ginger ice-cream soda, again we must think of the ginger root, the vanilla beans, and the sarsaparilla bark from that wonderful land of Brazil.

We cannot sit down to our breakfast table in

the morning without thinking of South America. Why? At luncheon and dinner, if we eat potatoes, the Incas of Peru are with us; if we have pudding or cake flavored with nutmeg, arrowroot, vanilla, or chocolate, South America may have sent them to us; if we finish our dinner with Brazil-nuts and chocolate bonbons we must think of Brazil and Ecuador again, for Ecuador produces much of the world's supply of the cacao seed, from which cocoa and chocolate are made.

The table we eat at, and the chair we sit upon may be made of mahogany. The piano upon which we play may be built of rosewood, so that once more the forests of South America are recalled to our minds.

At night we may lie down upon a mattress of South American horsehair, for the best mattresses are made of that product.

If we are sick, the medicines of South America will come to our relief. What are they?

You see, asleep or awake, at meal-times, at home, on the street, in the city, in the country, sick or well, South America is with us, and helps to make our lives safer, more comfortable and luxurious.

We take for granted all these rich gifts from South America, as if they simply grew or came to us of themselves, and never once think of the

men and women, even the boys and girls who send them to us. The little brown hands of Brazilian boys and girls help to strip the coffee berries from the branches, and boys help everywhere on the ranches and in the fields.

Many people are beginning to think that we of the elder republic ought to know better the people of our sister republics in South America. There is an old proverb which says, "We hate only those whom we do not know," and some one else has added: "We love only those whom we *do* know." In order that we should know our South American neighbors better, in 1889, a conference was held which was attended by representatives from all of the republics south of us—Mexico, the West Indies, Central America, and South America. These sister republics are called "Latin Republics," because whatever language is spoken in them—Spanish, Portuguese, or French—is derived from the old Latin tongue. The aim of this first conference or "Congress," as it was called, was to spread information about the riches of the lands of the Latin American Republics, so that we could buy their useful products, and sell to them in return our machinery, our railroad cars, our steam engines, our reapers and binders, our sewing machines, and our manufactured products.

Since 1889 four more Congresses have been

held, the last, during the winter of 1916, in Panama.

Besides that, to help spread the knowledge of our sister republics, a Union of all of them was formed, and the representatives of these countries at Washington, with our Secretary of State as chairman, form a directing committee. They began to find that there was so much to do in the way of publishing information, printing pictures, and answering the questions of people who became interested in these Latin Republics, that the Union needed very much a home of its own. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who was very anxious that we should come to know the people of our sister republics so well that we would never think of settling a difference of opinion by making war upon any one of them, said he would give this much-needed home to the Pan-American Union, as it was called. Pan is a Greek word which means "all." Therefore the "Pan-American Union" means the union of all the Americas—North America, Central America, the Island Americas, and South America.

Since Washington, our own capital, is the only city in which representatives of all these republics may always be found, that city was selected as the place to erect the home of the Pan-American Union, which has cost a million of dollars, nearly all of which sum was generously given by Mr.

Carnegie. This beautiful building was completed and dedicated to the cause of International Peace in 1910. If you ever visit our national capital you will find it on the corner of 17th Street, N. W., and Potomac Park, next to the white marble home of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The corner-stone of this building was laid during the administration of Theodore Roosevelt; the building was dedicated during the presidency of William H. Taft, and a beautiful "peace" tree was planted by him in the "patio," or inner court of the building.

One thing which the Pan-American Union has been seeking to do, is to improve the steamship lines between the Americas, so that more of our people will want to visit South America and more of the South American people will visit us, so that we may come to know each other well, for, as Theodore Roosevelt said in his speech at the laying of the corner-stone, more and more in the future we shall each give and get from the others not only products of the countries, but things which help our minds and our spirits as well.

We have already seen how these South American sisters give us more of their products than we can give them of ours, but that they need us very much to help them in their schools and to give them the Bible. We all know that the best of our virtues in our public and in our

WHERE OUR CCCOA AND CHOCOLATE COME FROM

private life, the best of our laws, all our most generous and unselfish acts come from the teachings of this Book, so that if the Latin American Republics come to know it well, they will be better countries for that reason.

But it is not we alone who can teach lessons of the spirit. From our South American neighbors we may learn lessons in hospitality and in generosity, for they care less about hoarding their wealth than we do, and delight more in generous devotion of self and possessions to a cause. The Bible will teach them to choose only the right causes.

Some day some of the boys who read this chapter may become mining engineers, civil engineers, electrical engineers, or surveyors, and may be employed by some of the companies in Colombia, Venezuela, Bolivia or some of the other countries in South America, for there are any number of fine business openings for our young men in those countries. You may open a transportation business in Brazil or the Argentine; or you may purchase land there, and become stock raisers, coffee growers, or own large cocoa groves and become real citizens of South America.

You have had all the benefits of our Bible and of living in a land where education is abundant, and you have been protected from evil all through

your childhood. The people of your new country will watch you to see if the Bible has really helped you, and will decide by your conduct whether they will accept it for themselves. Unfortunately, some of our young engineers and our traders have made the South Americans feel that the Bible has not taught them anything worth while. Our merchants here at home who have bought and sold with them have sometimes been so eager to get something for nothing that they have made them believe we really have nothing worth while to give.

The South Americans who come here watch us in our business dealings with one another, to see whether we are really just and generous and kind as we say the Bible teaches us to be, whether we are unselfish in our government, have high ideals for our country, or whether the strong take from the weak as the old conquistadors did in South America, and whether we are as greedy as they were for a big gain in return for a very little investment.

You see the missionaries are not the only ones who are teaching the people of South America. All our people who go there for business reasons are teaching; all of us who stay at home are teaching. Even boys and girls on the playground at home can form the evil habit of getting without sharing, which it will be hard for them

to break later. "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise," is the rule all should follow who are going to be true helpers of South America, to which land we owe so much. This Golden Rule is the best rule we could possibly follow as a nation, and it will certainly prove a Golden Rule for the Land of Golden Men.

All this is what we owe to our neighbors, but what do we owe to our heavenly Father for the Bible, which has been free for us to read and study all our lives, without any struggle on our part? Can we think of keeping without sharing here? When the brave Captain Gardiner wrote to the chiefs of the great Toba nations, as he lay dying on the shore of Tierra del Fuego, he said of the Bible: "We are *bound* to send it to you, for it is commanded in that Book that those who have it should send it out to all the nations of the world, until they are all provided with it."

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Published by *Everyland,* 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City. 10 cents single copy; $1.00 per annum.

Denominational Missionary Magazines. Consult Missionary Magazine published by your Board for interesting pictures and articles.

The National Geographic Magazine. Contains many pictures of peoples and countries and its articles give information concerning the interesting human facts of various parts of the world. The following issues contain special reference to South America: Feb. 1909, May 1910, Dec. 1910, Sept. 1911, April 1913, Feb. 1915, Jan. 1916, May, 1916.

Published by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C. 25 cents single copy; $2.50 per annum.

Travel. Contains interesting and sympathetic articles describing peoples and places, at home and abroad. Profusely illustrated.

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Published by the South American Publishing Company, Inc., 61 Broadway, New York City. 15 cents single copy; $1.50 per annum.

The Americas. A magazine published to promote commercial interests in South America. Contains interesting pictures.

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Flags of All Nations

A set of four sheets of colored flags, perforated and gummed, including 24 flags of South America and islands. Suitable for note-book and poster work.

Missionary Education Movement, New York City, 25 cents postpaid.

Child Life Pictures—South America

A large sheet containing thirty-six pictures of scenes in various countries of South America, with full descriptions printed beneath each picture, ready to cut out and mount in note-book or on poster.

The suggestions, How to Use the Land of the Golden Man, on the following pages, include the use of all the pictures on this sheet.

Missionary Education Movement, New York City, 10 cents postpaid.

How to Use

THE LAND OF THE GOLDEN MAN

In Your Sunday School Class,

Mission Band, or at Home

To the Boys and Girls Who Study
THE LAND OF THE GOLDEN MAN

TAKING up a new book is much like starting on a journey to a place that you have never visited. Just as you step on the train or boat with high anticipation of the new things you are to see and learn, of the friends you are to meet, of the interesting things you are to bring back with you, so you open the first pages of your book in eager haste to know of what new places you are to learn, what novel things you are to find out, what new people you are to know.

Reading *The Land of the Golden Man* will take you to strange places; you will see many wonderful things which you will be eager to share with others, and you will meet and become friends with the most interesting boys and girls.

You find a journey in the company of friends pleasanter than one taken alone; so you will find it far more enjoyable to read and study a book with your mates. If you already belong to a Junior Club in your Sunday-school, or to a Mission Band, it will be great fun to read and work together. If you have no such club, then form one. Even boys and girls who belong to very small schools or who live too far away from other boys and girls to meet with them often may have a small club in their own families, with, perhaps, father or mother for leader. Then you will be able to help each other carry out the three kinds of work I am going to suggest to you.

I. MUSEUM.

Nearly all boys and girls love to make collections. Here is a splendid chance to make a collection both interesting

and useful. You can make it the beginning of a *museum* for your Sunday-school.

If you live in or near a large city, visit a real museum and look at the South American curios before beginning this work. In this way you will learn a great deal about how to make your own museum. Do not be discouraged if you cannot make yours as fine, or even if you cannot see any museum at all. Just start with the determination to do your best and you will be surprised to find how much you can do.

First you will decide on the size and kind of mounting sheets. A uniform size is best. Cardboard 22 x 28 inches is a standard size, though you may use another size if you wish. Gray or green makes the most artistic ground on which to mount things, but the colors do not take printing well, unless you wish to cut all your letters from white paper and paste them on. This is effective but entails much work. A cream mounting board will take pen, brush, or rubber-stamp printing. If you mean to hang the sheets, provide each board with a cord or tape hanger. For convenience in arranging and filing, each sheet may be given a number; if you make many, the numbers and titles may be indexed in a small book like a library catalog. Flat things, like pictures, maps, and diagrams, may be pasted on by the corners; other material, like nuts, small cans, or bottles, may be sewed on with a fine cord or heavy thread of inconspicuous color. So much for general directions. The preparation of different sheets will be given under the heading "Museum Work," of each chapter.

II. Note-book.

It is an excellent plan for any one, old or young, when reading, to keep a *note-book* in which to write down outlines of the chapters read, questions that the book does not answer, descriptions and explanations of maps, charts, and diagrams that it does not contain, as well as what

you think of the things it tells. Such books are often very valuable and interesting. Suppose each of you should decide to make one. The first thing will be to secure your book; this may be a plain note-book, the cover of which you may decorate as you please. Or you may make a book by binding together sheets of cream or white paper, and covering them with a heavy paper or cloth cover. Wait until the pages are all completed before fastening the sheets together, unless you use a loose-leaf binding. Arrange your fly-leaf, frontispiece, and title-page very carefully. The picture of the bronze doors on the sheet which accompanies this book will make an excellent frontispiece. What will you call your book? *Notes on the Land of the Golden Man, Notes by the Way, South American Friends,* are possible titles. Perhaps you will wish to make a separate book which will contain the stories of *South American Heroes.*

Would you not like to learn through your Board Secretary (the list is in the back of *The Land of the Golden Man*) of some other club in your denomination that is following this plan, and exchange books with them at the end of the course as one way of comparing notes?

III. Friendship Service.

In almost every chapter of *The Land of the Golden Man* you will read of the interesting boys and girls whose countries send so much to us, and you will at once wonder in what way you can share with them, for you will quickly admit them to the circle of your world friends, and since friendship means giving as well as receiving, you will find ways in which to return *friendship service* to the boys and girls in the land of the golden man. The best way to find out where to send gifts in South America is through the mission board of the denomination under which the club is studying, or to the Surplus Material Department, World's Sunday School Association, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City. If further help is needed, write for

directions to the Missionary Education Movement, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Thus each chapter of the book will point out some suggestions for doing the three kinds of work. Probably you will think of many other things not given here and in doing them you will add to your own knowledge and pleasure, you will help your Sunday-school or Junior Club, and you will show yourself a friend to the South American Juniors.

CHAPTER I

THE GOLDEN MAN

I. Museum Work.

1. Color a large outline map of South America,[1] adding one country at a time as you study it, and put in the important geographical features. If your denomination has a mission school in any of the countries, mark its location by a gold star. If mission work is carried on by some other denomination, mark that by a silver star. (These stars are furnished inexpensively by the Dennison Paper Company through local stationers.)

2. Begin a product map of South America; you will add to this from time to time, as you go forward with your study. Mount a large map of South America [1] on a heavy cardboard which must be considerably larger than the map. Fasten to the map the products of the different

[1] Maps of South America can be obtained from your own denominational Mission Board (see the list in the back of the book) or the Missionary Education Movement, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, as follows: 9 x 12 inches, in colors, same as in book, 5 cents each, 25 cents a half dozen, 40 cents a dozen; 11 x 14 inches, in colors, mounted on cardboard, 15 cents each; 28 x 32 inches, outline paper, 20 cents each; 11 x 14 inches, outline paper, 15 cents a dozen. The last-named is a good size for the note-book work, while the larger outline map is suggested for use in the class and for the product map. The map in colors is good for use in the dissected map.

Many useful maps and pictures may be obtained by writing to the various transportation lines running to South America.

countries. If it makes the map too crowded to put them all where they belong, arrange them nicely on the margins and carry a cord or heavy thread from the product to the place producing it. A scrap of leather, a bit of loaf sugar, rubber, a coffee bean, a bit of mahogany, cocoa, and many other products which you can easily get, fastened on the representation of the places from which they come, will make a map that is full of interest to you and your friends.

II. Note-book Work.

1. Produce a small outline map of South America (see foot-note [1]). Fasten it on the first page of your note-book, and tracing on it the boundaries of Colombia, color it nicely with water-color or crayon. Add such other geographical features as you wish.

2. Learn (through your Mission Board Secretary; see list at back of book) if your denomination has any mission work in Colombia, and write a brief account of it in the book.

3. How would you go from your home to Colombia? What places would you visit? Write a brief account in your book.

III. Friendship Service.

1. A gift that any teacher in a South American mission school would be glad to use as a prize is made by pasting a map of South America on a board of whitewood or basswood. Take a piece about three eighths of an inch thick, glue the map firmly to it and dry slowly under a weight to prevent warping. When quite dry, cut on the boundary lines of the countries with a fine coping or scroll saw, thus making a dissected map. Put the pieces in a small box on the cover of which you may paste a small map if you wish.

2. Through your board secretary, learn the names of some South American boys or girls of your own age to whom you may send Christmas or New-year greetings.

CHAPTER II

THE SEARCH FOR GOLDEN MEN

MUSEUM WORK.

1. Color Guiana and Venezuela on your outline map.

2. Write a description of the "crockery tree."[2] Tell how the egrets are slaughtered for the millinery trade,[3] illustrating it with magazine pictures if you can find them. Get, if possible, the pictures of familiar birds to illustrate a brief sketch of the birds that winter in South America.[4] Describe a Colombian home.[5] Mount these on a museum

[2] The calabash tree of Columbia is called "the crockery tree." It bears a kind of gourd, the medium sizes of which are used for spoons and drinking vessels, the larger for dishes, plates, musical instruments, and lanterns. The lantern is made by puncturing a large gourd with holes and then filling the vessel with many brilliant fireflies. It is said that these firefly lanterns really give a surprising amount of light.—Mozans, *Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena.*

[3] There is a great slaughter of tropical birds in Venezuela for their beautiful plumage, which is sent to the milliners of Paris. The egrets of Venezuela particularly will soon be exterminated, since they are killed during the mating and breeding season. When a mother egret is shot, it means that her young birds must starve. One hunter packed several hundred thousand egrets for Paris as the result of a three year hunt.—*Ibid.*

[4] Many of our birds winter in South America: ducks and warblers in Venezuela and Colombia, barn swallows and cliff swallows in Paraguay, and bobolinks go to southeastern Brazil. Plovers, sandpipers, and like species migrate long distances, the American golden plover, which breeds in Arctic America, migrating to Patagonia, a distance of 8,000 miles.—*Ibid.*

[5] In 1812 a terrible earthquake practically destroyed Caracas. As earthquakes are frequent, the houses are low. They are usually built of stone or plaster, and are very commonly painted yellow or blue. The roofs are generally of red tile. Here as elsewhere the Spanish people often build their houses on three sides of a court called a patio. This is invisible from the street and affords a most delightful place for family and other gatherings. During pleasant weather the meals are often served there. Palms and other ornamental trees as well as fragrant flowers abound, and usually there is a fountain of sparkling water.

sheet, or sheets, with the pictures (for which you may write fuller descriptions) of the Venezuelan children, Aymara Indian, Amazon boy, marketwoman, and the blanket weaver.

NOTE-BOOK WORK.

1. Add Guiana and Venezuela to your map.

2. Make a list, with a brief description, of the most interesting things you learn about these countries. Find out why Venezuela was so named.

3. Draw the outline of Venezuela; what does it resemble? Can you see in it a kneeling elephant with trunk thrown up? The outline of South America itself resembles the head and nose of a lion. As you come to the other countries, see if you find similar resemblances; it is good fun and helps you to remember them. What is Chile? Bolivia is a hen at roost, and Peru—but you will see *that* for yourself!

FRIENDSHIP SERVICE.

Find out (through board secretary) what the boys and girls in your Guiana, Colombia, and Venezuela schools are studying. What are their games? Would they enjoy any of yours? Could you send them the outfits and rules for marbles, baseball, or football? What can the girls of the club do for the South American girls? Dress dolls, send toys, hair-ribbons, or games?

CHAPTER III

TUPAC AMARU

MUSEUM WORK.

1. Start the book, *South American Heroes.* Write first in it the story of Tupac Amaru. Use drawings of laurel

As there is little need of fire for warmth, there are few stoves in the city, and therefore few chimneys. The houses are very much alike in architecture. The residence of the president of Venezuela is known as the "Yellow House" instead of the "White House."—Chamberlain, *South America.*

leaves to decorate the pages. You can easily copy them from your school-books.

2. Mount the pictures of the Inca walls and the Indians with any others you find in magazines, on a sheet. Write short accounts of what the Incas did.

3. Mount the pictures of the woman with the llama. You may be able to get some other pictures from magazines or old geographies of llamas. Use as many as you can find to show how useful they are. Write a brief description to go with the pictures, calling it "Transportation in the Andes."

4. Work on the product map.

5. Make a cocoa sheet, using the picture.[6] Fasten to the sheet a tiny can, or a small bottle of cocoa, and a bar of chocolate. Perhaps you may be able to obtain from some dealer a set of samples showing the process of manufacture.

6. Make a museum sheet, calling it

SOUTH AMERICA
HAS
THE .....EST IN THE WORLD

Highest active volcano	Highest lake
Highest waterfall	Longest river
Finest emeralds	Largest coffee crop

[6] Cocoa is made from the seed of the fruit of the cacao tree. This fruit is cucumber-shaped and grows directly upon the trunk or branches of the tree. The seeds are imbedded in a soft pinkish pulp. After the fruit has been cut from the tree by means of a lancelike knife, it is allowed to lie on the ground for about a day. It is then taken to a place where the seeds are separated from the pulp and dried on a platform where they are spread out in the sun. The seeds are now brick-red in color and bitter to the taste, and are ready to be shipped to Holland, Switzerland, or other countries, where they are roasted and ground into powder. The oil, called cocoa butter, is pressed out of the powder, which is then called cocoa. If the oil is not pressed out, the product is chocolate. Sweet chocolate is made by mixing sugar and milk with the chocolate. Ecuador produces one fifth of the world's supply of cocoa. For further information see *South America,* Chamberlain, and for pictures, see the *National Geographic Magazine,* Dec. 1910.

Then under each heading paste a picture of the things mentioned, or at least a short description of it. See how many other ".....est" things you can find. Hang the sheet in your club room, where you can add to it from time to time.[1]

NOTE-BOOK WORK.

1. Add Peru and Ecuador to your map.

Write the answers to these questions in your book:

What is a hero? Name the greatest hero of whom you have ever heard. Was Tupac Amaru a hero? Why? How did the old Greeks honor their heroes? (By a crown of laurel.) Draw a laurel wreath and write your hero's name in it if you cannot find his picture to put there.

[1] The longest river in the world is the Amazon,—3,000 miles in length,—as far as our Atlantic coast is from the Pacific. The Amazon is the greatest river on the earth. It drains an area of more than 2,000,000 square miles. Some of its waters come from snows that lie 16,000 feet above sea-level. At its mouth the river is wider than Lake Michigan at its widest part, and at Tabatinga, on the border of Peru, it is said to be a mile wide. The volume of water discharged by the Amazon is twice as great as that discharged by the Mississippi. This is in part because of heavy rainfall, for the basin of the Mississippi is more than half as large as that of the Amazon.—Chamberlain, *South America.*

The highest waterfall in the world is Kaieteur Fall, on the Potaro River in British Guiana. It has a sheer drop of 741 feet,—about 4 1-2 times that of Niagara, and over twice that of Victoria Falls in Africa.

The highest active volcano in the world is Cotopaxi in Ecuador. It is 7,000 feet higher than Fujiyama and 15,000 feet higher than Vesuvius; 7,000 feet higher than Teneriffe, 2,000 feet higher than Popocatepetl, and is one of the most beautiful mountain peaks in the world. Cotopaxi is 19,550 feet high.

The finest emeralds in the world come from Muzo, Colombia, just north of the home of the golden man. Buenos Aires is the largest wool and hide market in the world. Brazil is the greatest coffee-producing country in the world, giving three fourths of all the coffee used. The highest lake of its size in the world is Lake Titicaca in Bolivia. It is 120 miles long and 41 miles wide, and is situated at an altitude of 12,500 feet above sea-level.

FRIENDSHIP SERVICE.

Make a set of reward cards to send through your mission board to some South American school. Select for the card a heavy colored paper or a plain white bristol-board, about the size of a postal; cut from a magazine an interesting colored picture, or use a part of a pretty colored postal. Paste the picture firmly in place, leaving plenty of white space for writing a verse or report.

CHAPTER IV

THE INDIANS OF WESTERN SOUTH AMERICA

MUSEUM WORK.

1. Mount the pictures of the reed boat, the Araucanian girl, the market scene at Quito, and the Indian family.

2. Get some small dolls and dress them like the Indians in the picture; the club girls can do this, while the boys make out of wood or pasteboard a hut thatched with straw of the right size for the dolls, to show how the Indians live.[8]

[8] The Quichuas are silent, hopeless people to-day, seemingly dull and stupid, who rarely laugh or smile. They have known nothing but unhappiness for so many hundreds of years that now they cannot imagine their condition could be any better or pleasanter. The Aymaras are a stronger race, and are very surly and distrustful of all white people.

The Indians live in one-room houses of baked mud or stone plastered with mud, with a roof of grass thatch. The floor is simply well-beaten earth, and there are no windows and frequently no door to close the doorway, simply a blanket or a hide hung up. Guinea-pigs, chickens, and dogs scramble about the room and sleep with the family at night. The beds of the family are a blanket or a skin stretched upon the earth floor or upon a slightly raised platform of stones and earth. There are no tables or chairs, and the cooking is done over a vessel of coals or over a little fire built on the floor.

The Indians cook their food in a kettle from which the whole family help themselves. Their meal may be dried goat meat or mutton stewed with potatoes. Potatoes form the main food of these highland Indians, and they store them away for use in the winter by first drying them in the sun and then allowing them to

3. Make a museum sheet for sugar. Show, in small bottles, granulated, loaf, and powdered sugar. Use the picture and write brief clear descriptions to paste on the sheet.[9]

freeze. Many times this is the only food these people have when on a journey. Those who are a little better off have eggs to eat and chickens. The Indians drink large quantities of a beer which they have made ever since the days of the Incas, from maize and other grains.

As in the days of the Incas, the Indian men, women, boys, and girls go barefooted. The Indian men and boys may, however, wear a rude sandal of llama hide, and on festal occasions the women sport shoes of bright-colored leather, and the men a very clumsy kind of boot. Both men and women wear small straight-brimmed felt hats on top of woolen caps, with earflaps to keep their heads warm in the intense cold of the highlands. The women wear as many bright-colored skirts at one time as they can afford. In place of a coat they have hand-woven striped woolen shawls pinned across the breast and hanging down behind. These shawls and the straight gold or silver pins which fasten them have been the joy and pride of the women since before the white men ever came to South America.

The part of the dress of the men which they have worn for centuries is the poncho, a hand-woven striped garment of wool—simply a square with a slit in the center to slip over the head. Their trousers are thin, short, and slit to the knee to allow freedom in climbing.

Boys and girls dress for the most part just like their parents, so they look like miniature men and women.

The Indians, even little childen, will journey through the blizzards and ice of the high passes of the Andes with bare legs and feet, although they wrap their heads up so that they can hardly breathe.

The Quichuas and Aymaras who are well-to-do, keep flocks of sheep and llamas which they care for with skill and gentleness. Or, perhaps a prosperous Indian will have pack-trains of donkeys which he will rent out to travelers crossing the mountains from the coast cities. There are few railroads in these countries. The mountains are very steep and difficult, so that only the sure-footed mules which are accustomed to the high altitude of the mountains and plateau, where it is difficult to breathe, are serviceable. The Indians also use the beautiful, shy, and proud-spirited llamas to carry produce through the mountain passes into the cities of the plateau.

[9] Sugar-cane is grown from cuttings of the cane, planted in trenches; it requires about ten months for the crop to grow large

4. Make a museum sheet with the heading, "How South America Helps the Sick."

By pictures cut from magazines or papers, suggest the use of cocaine and quinine by doctors, dentists, and nurses.

NOTE-BOOK WORK.

1. Add Bolivia and Chile to your map.

Paste the picture of plowing with oxen in your book, and write a short story about the little boy, Pedro, who is helping his father.

FRIENDSHIP SERVICE.

See if you can find, by yourself, some way to help the boys and girls of Bolivia and Chile.

CHAPTER V

GENERAL SAN MARTIN

MUSEUM WORK.

1. Carry on the work on the product map.

2. Make flags of paper, colored with crayon, of all the South American republics. You will find the flags in colors in any large dictionary. Each should be about 9 x 12 inches. You can use them to decorate your club room. If you draw the flags on small cards, about 3 x 4½ inches, writing the name of the country across one end, and a question about it across the other end, you can make a game like Authors, which you will like to play at the meetings and which will help you to remember the important things about South America.

enough to be cut. The canes are jointed much like corn-stalks, the spongy substance between the joints being filled with a sweet juice. After the canes are cut, they are taken to the sugar house, and ground between heavy rollers which squeeze out the sap. The sap is heated till all the water is evaporated and then two things are left, molasses and sugar. The sugar is purified or refined by the use of chemicals and special machinery, and is then sold as granulated, loaf, or powdered sugar.

NOTE-BOOK WORK.

1. Add Chile, Argentina, Paraguay, Uruguay, to your map.

2. Write the story of San Martin; decorate the pages with a colored drawing of the flags of the republics he helped to free.

FRIENDSHIP SERVICE.

Arrange through your board secretary for an exchange of post-cards and curios with some South American children.

CHAPTER VI

HELPING IN THE SOUTHERN REPUBLICS

MUSEUM WORK.

1. On a display or museum sheet, paste the picture of the cowboy, with a description of his costume.[10] Draw the outline of a side of beef and on it write the amount yearly shipped to us from Argentina.

2. Draw a number of grain bags, and on them indicate the amount of grain we get annually from Argentina. In a like way show how much of other things we receive.[11] Make similar charts to show other exports.

[10] In the north of Argentina tropical fruits are raised. On the ranches are to be found hundreds of acres of alfalfa. On the vast prairies range millions of horses, cattle, and sheep, under the care of the South American cowboys who live very much like our Western cowboys, though they dress much more picturesquely, in bright-striped ponchos and very wide fringed chaps, with numerous silver ornaments.

[11] "An extraordinary plant is the vegetable ivory. The nuts, of which there are usually four of irregular shape, are found in a large fruit. Their shell is light yellow in color, with a brown inside shell which contains a milky albumen. When this liquid solidifies, it resembles and takes the polish of animal ivory and is much used as a substitute for it. Only experts who have seen much of both vegetable and animal ivory could tell which was which when they were exhibited together."—Bryce.

3. By means of ribbon or shaded squares on a card, show the population of Chile, and the number of children in Sunday-school. If you use an inch of ribbon for every 10,000 people, you will need seven tenths of an inch for the Chilean Sunday-school enrolment, and 300 inches for the total population. Or a square inch may stand for 10,000 people, and seven tenths of the same for the Sunday-school pupils, while 300 square inches, or a space 15 inches wide and 20 inches high will stand for the total population. How long must the ribbons be for your own state and your state Sunday-school enrolment?

NOTE-BOOK WORK.

1. Write a description of Buenos Aires.

2. Paste the picture of the Christ of the Andes and write the story.

Some of the foods raised in Brazil are, cocoa, coffee, tea, sugar, rice, beans and peas, corn, mandioc, sweet potatoes, pineapples, bananas, breadfruit, arrowroot, white pepper, mustard, vanilla, cinnamon, cloves, nutmegs, ginger, tobacco. "There are hundreds of other plants yielding foods, spices, drinks, inks, dyes, oils, medicines." The forests are rich in mahogany, rosewood, cedar, guarabu, genapapo, satin-wood, mulatto-wood, and violet and stone wood. Brazil is the only country in which black diamonds are found. The white diamonds are also very valuable.

Uruguay principally produces things connected with cattle and sheep, such as hides and wool, tallow, horns, beef, and tongues. The famous Liebig extract of beef is made in this country, the company disposing of more than 1,000 cattle a day during the summer months and exporting beef products to the value of $15,000,00 a year. Paraguay is one of the few countries where oranges grow wild. From the leaves is obtained a fine oil used in making flavoring extracts and perfumes. The forests furnish dye-woods and tannin, and the chief industry is tanning leather.

From Chile, come lead, silver, coal, and copper, with the valuable nitrate of soda, used for fertilizing purposes. Peru has corn, wheat, and potatoes, gold, silver, and copper. Bolivia's most important mineral products are silver and tin. Colombia has very rich coal deposits, rich gold and silver mines, and it also exports sugar, tobacco, and cocoa. Venezuela has rich forests and vast mineral wealth which has not yet been developed.

FRIENDSHIP SERVICE.

Try to think of some way in which you can make your own Sunday-school better. Can you pass this help on to the children in Chile?

CHAPTER VII

THE STORY OF BRAZIL

MUSEUM WORK.

1. Make a display sheet of the coffee industry, using the pictures. Get, if possible, a pressed coffee blossom, and the coffee in various stages. At least mount on the sheet the unground and the ground coffee. Write an account of how it is grown and prepared.[12]

[12] "The coffee crop is gathered in the winter, that is, from May to September. This is the dry season, which is of course very favorable to the coffee harvest. Picking is done by hand, and men, women, and children engage in the work. The inhabitants of the coffee country are, for the most part, Portuguese.

"The fruit of the coffee tree is known as coffee berries. These berries, when ripe, are about the color of a cherry, but are somewhat smaller. The outside pulpy part encloses the seeds, or beans, as they are generally called. There are two beans in a berry, and they grow with their flat sides together.

"In order to remove the sticky pulp from the seeds, the berries may be placed in a cement tank filled with water, or in a small canal, where they are allowed to remain until the pulp has become quite soft. Being light, the unripe berries float, as do the leaves and twigs, and are therefore easily removed. In some cases the berries are carried by the canal to a pulping machine which removes the softened pulp.

"The next process is the drying of the beans. This is usually done out of doors, on areas floored with brick or tile. These drying floors are divided into sections which enable the workmen to keep the various sets of beans separate. During the process they are raked up in piles so that they may not be injured by the dew. The more careful planters protect the piles by means of pieces of canvas. During the day the beans are stirred with a rake from time to time so that they will dry evenly. Several days are required to complete the process of drying.

"Surrounding each bean there are two coats or membranes. These

2. Mount the picture of tapping the rubber tree, and tell how rubber is secured.[12]

3. Make a model of a rubber-gatherer's home as follows: Fill a shallow wooden box with earth or sand. Make a small hut of thin wood or heavy pasteboard; it should be several inches high, have one story, one door, a platform like a veranda extending all around it, and a straw or grass roof (raffia answers very well). Place the hut at one end of the box, on stilts or posts about the height of the house. Fill the part of the sand not covered by the hut with green branches to represent the jungle growth; the common "golden glow" is very good. Through the jungle hollow

must be removed before the coffee is ready for market. This is done in a hulling machine operated by oxen, horses, or water-power. Next, the hulls are separated from the beans, and the beans are sorted and sacked. On the larger plantations this work is all done by machinery. A sack of coffee contains 132 pounds."—Chamberlain, *South America.*

[12] About the beginning of the nineteenth century, people began to realize what a treasure they had in the forests of rubber trees. The Indians had found how to make waterproof garments from it, and when a man in the United States, named Goodyear, learned about 1837 how to make rubber garments durable, the demand for rubber became very great.

Rubber is the milky juice obtained from the rubber tree, by making V-shaped cuts in the bark of the tree and collecting the milk-like liquid in tiny tin cups which hang beneath the cuts. Once a day each tree is visited and the cups emptied into a large gourd. This is hard work, for the trees grow in swamps, and the rubber gatherers have to wade through water.

When the rubber-gatherer returns to his camp, he builds a smoky fire of palm nuts. In this smoke he turns and twists a wooden paddle over which the thick sticky rubber milk has been poured, until the rubber hardens and darkens. Again, and again the milk is poured over the paddle until it has made a big, black ring, which is finally slipped off of the paddle, and is then known as a "rubber ham."

See also *South America* in the "Peeps at Many Lands" series, chapter V, and *South America* from the series, "The Continents and Their People," by Chamberlain. Also "A Visit to the Brazilian Coffee Country," *National Geographic Magazine,* Oct. 1911.

a river; blue paper at the bottom of the hollow helps to make it look like water, and a tiny toy alligator and boat on the bank add to the reality of the scene. A doll's kettle, with a few bits of rubber bands in the bottom, may be swung over a (red paper) fire, and a tiny Negro doll on the veranda will complete the model. This will be an interesting part of your final exhibition. (See suggestions for Chapter IX.) You should also be familiar with the way in which rubber is obtained, so that you are ready to explain it to visitors. A description mounted on a card and placed near the model would also be helpful.

NOTE-BOOK WORK.

1. Add Brazil to your map.
2. Paste in your book the picture of the school-children in Rio, and of the church at Pernambuco.

FRIENDSHIP SERVICE.

1. If you belong to a Boy Scout Troop, arrange some way of exchanging greetings with the Boy Scouts of Brazil; your scoutmaster will help you.
2. Prepare a box of gifts to send to your mission school in Brazil; send through your board secretary, or the World's Sunday School Association.

CHAPTER VIII

CAPTAIN GARDINER

MUSEUM WORK.

1. Paste the pictures of the Patagonian woman, the Strait of Magellan, and Allen Gardiner in your book, *South American Heroes,* and write there the story of Allen Gardiner.
2. Imagine yourself one of the Gardiner children, on the way with your father to help the Indians. Write what you have seen and done on the journey.

3. Write a little account of the passage of the first white man through the Strait of Magellan.

NOTE-BOOK WORK.

1. Add Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego to your map.
2. Study the story of Allen Gardiner carefully. Do you think he was a hero? Why?
3. What is true success? Think carefully about this, and when you are sure you know the right answer put it in your book.

FRIENDSHIP SERVICE.

1. Find out what your Church does for the mission work in Brazil. How can you help?
2. Get the most attractive colored pictures you can find, glue them firmly to thin basswood or whitewood, dry slowly under a weight, and with a scroll or coping saw, cut them into picture puzzles. Put each puzzle in a box and send to the boys and girls of a mission school in Brazil.
3. Make scrap-books of bright and interesting pictures by pasting them on leaves of colored paper muslin, and send to little children in Brazil. Find out just how by writing to your board secretary.
4. Mount gay pictures on both sides of white bristol-board sheets 8 x 10 inches in size, for amusing children in hospitals in South America.

CHAPTER IX

SHARING

MUSEUM WORK.

1. Prepare as many display sheets as may be necessary to show any of South America's gifts that you have not yet arranged for your museum. When you can get the things themselves to mount do so. Use as many pictures as possible. The pictures of tapping the rubber tree and

of loading Brazil-nuts may be used.[14] When you can get neither picture nor object, use written descriptions. Sometimes the pictures from the advertising sections of magazines will help you. For example, a rubber tire, a pair of tennis or gymnasium shoes, or a hose, will suggest the gift of rubber. Indeed, you will find so many uses for rubber that you may wish to give one whole sheet to that alone. A smooth lawn will indicate the use to which nitrate is put; a paved street the use of asphalt. From the kitchen you can get many things to add to your display. See how complete and varied you can make the list. If you wish, you can put all these sheets under the head, "South America's Gifts to Us." You may be able, by correspondence with some South American children, to exchange curios of interest.

For your last club meeting, fasten all your display sheets on the wall, and arrange your books to be readily examined. Ask your friends and parents to come to your meeting, and I am sure you will have your reward in the interest they will show.

You might also dress like the Indians of whom you read in Chapter IV, and tell their story: or you may like to act out the story of San Martin or of some of the other heroes in the book.

You will enjoy, too, serving refreshments, and choosing only those things that come from South America, such as

[14] Before Brazil-nuts come to maturity they are part of a fruit separated into divisions like an orange, inside a round hard shell resembling a coconut, but more wrinkled. When the nuts are ripe, in January and February, the shells fall to the ground, are collected by nut-gatherers and opened with an ax. The eighteen to twenty-four divisions then fall apart, and are filled into sacks for export.

Besides being used for eating, the castanha-nuts yield a sweet oil. The wood of the tree makes a good timber, and the bark produces tow. Quantities of castanha are collected by the rubber-gatherers and farmers for pig-feed. Thousands of tons of nuts are exported to all parts of the world, and a large export trade is also done in the bark.—Bryce.

cocoa and chocolate, with sugar, arrowroot biscuits, nuts, and bananas.

NOTE-BOOK WORK.

1. Go carefully over your note-book, read any questions you may have put down, and try to answer them. Complete the map work, and finish the book as nicely as you can. The last picture you should put in is the building of the Pan-American Union. Be sure you know and can tell clearly what it is and means.

FRIENDSHIP SERVICE.

By this time you will be so interested in your friends in the Southern Continent that you will wish to take up some real work for them. What it shall be your group must each decide for yourselves. It may be that you will send them money for a school magazine. You may be able to pay a whole or a part scholarship, or a teacher's salary. You may be able to support, in whole or in part, a bed in a hospital. Your class leader and your board secretary will help you to decide, and you may feel that the worth of your service is not measured by the amount of money you pay, but by the loving friendship and desire to help that you put into it.

To Leaders of Junior Classes in
THE LAND OF THE GOLDEN MAN

The first duty of the leader of a class in *The Land of the Golden Man,* or of any similar mission study book, is to answer the question, "What is the end to be attained in the study of this book?" For "aim clearly defined determines material, method, and spirit of work." What shall we seek to accomplish in such a class? To impart a fair knowledge of the missionary work in South America? To enlist the pupils' interest, perhaps even their participation, in the work? All of this certainly, and much more, if we are to make genuine progress and reach results of lasting value. We shall advance but slowly through giving mere instruction, or through training in giving. We must teach religion so that missionary activity is shown to be, not a thing to be chosen or discarded as one pleases, but the most vital and natural outgrowth of the Christian life. We must train our young people so that their religion finds normal expression in an attitude of brotherly kindness and friendliness to all the children of God everywhere and at all times. One opportunity for such training comes in the use of a book like our text, and the wise leader will be eager to make the most of it. Besides certain general principles applicable to all, this training must be individual in its application—it must be capable of adjusting itself to particular cases.

Perhaps the most important of these principles is that we must appeal, not to a *high,* but to the *highest,* motive of the pupils. In times past we have heard a good deal about our *duty* to our neighbor; *love* urges a quicker response. We have said much about *self-sacrifice;* a much

more inspiring thought is *service,* it carries a thrill and an impetus. Instead of teaching our pupils to *give,* let us teach them to *share:* we shall offer a stronger incentive to right doing, and avoid the danger of fostering a feeling of self-satisfaction and of patronage on the part of our young people that, to say the least, is undesirable.

Another principle may seem almost too well known to bear repeating: Know and study the pupils' interests and make all approaches through these interests. The Junior has a rather limited experience by which to translate his new knowledge, therefore make the presentation of new material as vivid and as concrete as possible. The Junior loves to collect; let him collect with a purpose, with the feeling that his results will be of use. The Junior is most interested in boys and girls of his own age; let the appeal to him come through their needs. The Junior has plenty of energy, it only needs directing; see that he has plenty to do. The Junior loves to *find out;* set him to finding out the needs of others and the way to meet them. This will not only be following the natural way, but it will develop initiative and arouse that feeling of personal responsibility, of moral concern for others, which forms so strong a foundation for future work.

The plans given to the Juniors themselves in these pages are only suggestive and not by any means exhaustive. Believing that the term "brotherhood" means far less to a Junior than "friend" this latter term has been used more frequently, and the "friendship service" suggested has purposely been left indefinite. One reason for this lies in the fact that the needs of schools under different denominations vary so much. Again, too definite directions would destroy all initiative on the part of the pupils. It is hoped that enough help has been given to arouse the interest of any class to such a degree that it may be urged to find out for itself just what line of service to take up, and no class will come to the end of the course without entering on some very definite work. If your denomina-

LATIN AMERICA

TROPIC OF CANCER

TROPIC OF CAPRICORN

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SONORA
CHIHUAHUA
COAHUILA
NUEVO LEON
TAMAULIPAS
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